WE DEDICATE THIS GREAT WORK

TO

MARINE WARFARE

TO OUR FRIEND AND FELLOW-CITIZEN,

GEORGE W. RIGGS,

BANKER, CHRISTIAN, AND GENTLEMAN,

AS A SMALL RETURN FOR THE MANY TIMES
HE HAS GUIDED US THROUGH STORMS AND THROWN US A
LIFE LINE WHILE AMONG BREAKERS

F. C. ADAMS.

HIGH OLD SALTS.

STORIES INTENDED FOR THE MARINES,

AS

TOLD BEFORE AN ENLIGHTENED

Committee of Congress.

BY F. COLBURN ADAMS

HIGH OLD SALTS.

STORIES INTENDED FOR THE MARINES, BUT TOLD BEFORE AN ENLIGHTENED COMMITTEE OF CONGRESS.

LETTER No. 1.

An impression had long prevailed that Captain Cuttle would spin no more long yarns, and that the illustrious Bunsby was dead, and for opinions, as mere opinions, we should never look on the like of him again; but it seems that was a mistake. The illustrious Bunsby is not dead; and the corpulent Cuttle still holds a very high place in our great American Navy, and spins long yarns.

We do not claim any very particular credit for giving the above very important information to the great American public. Mr. Whitthorne, a very amiable gentleman, and famous as an explorer, who commanded the Tennessee Navy during our late unpleasantness, is entitled to all the credit, and should receive it. Admiral Whitthorne is now chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House. His mind is expansive and penetrating, and, when not under too much pressure, capable of grasping and solving the most difficult questions of law, religion, and navigation. Indeed, it was the possession of these great qualities of brain power which

enabled him to so satisfactorily solve the great question of Bunsby's life or death, and the fact that we still had a Captain Cuttle to spin long yarns.

One very foggy morning, in December last, (we are particular about the time,) it occurred to this very amiable gentleman, Admiral Whitthorne, that he would make a thorough study of the American Navy, with a view to preparing himself for any maritime adventures he might be engaged in, in case of another unpleasantness between the North and South. Being a man of sprightly thought it struck him that the best and shortest way of accomplishing this great purpose was to consult the Navy Register and send all the high old admirals, commodores, captains, and commanders a confidential circular letter, inviting them to give their opinions concerning the present condition of the great American Navy, and what should be done to improve it and make it terrible in the eyes of the world.

Sailors, whether admirals or boatswains, are not famous as philosophers. They are, indeed, generally accepted as a queer combination of the comic and romantic. And if there is any one thing they like to engage in more than another it is what is vulgarly called gabbling. And, too, they are profuse of opinions on all sorts of subjects. We have known a very high old admiral who could beat all the authors and editors in the country consuming foolscap and letter paper, and yet, remarkable as it may seem, he would say less than any gentleman within the scope of our acquaintance. Sailors are also proverbial grumblers. They will find subjects to grumble over when, apparently, none exist. The

present Admiral of the American Navy is a very forcible example of the truth of what we say; and it is doing him no injustice to add that he can, within a given time, write more and longer letters than any gentleman of our acquaintance. We wish we could say they contained real information equal to their number and length.

Responses to Admiral Whitthorne's confidential circular letter came thick and fast; so fast, indeed, that he began to fancy himself the fool who stood wondering at his own folly. In short, his letter was a temptation to gabble no first-class mariner could resist. It was the sailor's golden opportunity, and he embraced it. In less than two weeks Admiral Whitthorne found himself resolved in a village post-office, and the happy possessor of not less than three bushel baskets full of opinions concerning the Navy, and what should be done with it. There were long opinions and short opinions—the short ones being decidedly the best. The longest ones came chiefly from the oldest and best paid admirals and commodores on the retired list, and are proof that there are men in the world who can devote themselves exclusively to grumbling and writing on subjects they know nothing whatever about.

The authors of many of these letters, it is evident, never expected to see them in print. Indeed, it was cruel of Admiral Whitthorne to make them public, when they were only intended to be read in private—or to the marines. By giving them to the public he not only exposes the authors to ridicule but affords amusement for the unthinking, which is a very serious offense against good manners and ordinary morals.

Being published and given to the public we suggest that these letters be preserved, and called "Curiosities of Naval Literature, by Officers of the Great American Navy."

Look [illegible] this three [illegible] of opinions. Admiral Whitthorne [illegible] well satisfied that he had the means of knowing [illegible] of the great American Navy. Of course he [illegible]. But [illegible] the fact that these very letters [illegible] proofs that Navy officers are professional [illegible], brave perhaps, but impractical. [illegible] opinions [illegible], and [illegible] they consider [illegible]. [illegible] navy officers [illegible] [illegible] sailors, but [illegible] dangerous as [illegible]. These peculiar traits of character [illegible] by no means [illegible] to the American Navy. They prevail to a much greater extent in the English and French navies, especially among the older officers.

Outside of a charity hospital for old maids there is [illegible] such a diversity of opinions [illegible] as among officers of the Navy. [illegible] sail a ship, build a ship [illegible] a ship, but he will differ with [illegible] and as to the best method of [illegible]. Another will give you [illegible] concerning the handling [illegible] writing [illegible] commodore, the [illegible] claim to superior [illegible]. If, however, you would [illegible] admiral or commodore [illegible]

and about steam engineering or naval construction, you have only to put him before the blackboard for fifteen minutes and he will demonstrate his incapacity to your entire satisfaction. You would find that not one in ten of them could explain the difference between a compound and what is known as a single expansion.

Handling a ship or a battalion, or inspection, and maneuvering a squadron constitute a profession distinct and yet co-relative with the professions of steam engineering and naval construction. Hence it is in the highest degree essential to success that all these professions should work in perfect harmony. But instead of harmony, the letters we have referred to contain the most overwhelming proof that the officers representing one of these professions are continually exerting their influence to belittle the character and destroy the usefulness of the others. They are all professions in which the best minds and bravest souls the country possessed have been engaged for the greatest good. These petty jealousies we see cropping out everywhere should be discouraged by every officer who values the true interest of the service and exerts his energies to promote it. The line, however, arrays itself in contemptible conflict with the staff on the simple and, to the generous minded, very frivolous question of relative rank and social position, as if the fair name of the great American Navy depended solely on rank and social inequality; indeed, that the efficiency of the Navy can only be maintained by Congress giving the line officers a monopoly of rank and social position.

The sentiments contained in many of these letters carry one's mind back an hundred years, to the days of

Nelson, and tumble-sided and top-hampered line of battle ships, and seventy-fours, before steam engineering was applied to navigation. We are for going forward, not backward. A very remarkable feature of this controversy is that the line confines its animosity chiefly to the engineer corps, forgetting that if rank has elevated and improved one branch of the service which it confessedly has their own branch of the service should also be a gainer by it. Indeed, it is for these gentlemen of the line to say how far they will take advantage of the opportunity it affords them of elevating their own branch of the service. We can easily understand how relative rank may have disturbed the ancient notions of dignity entertained by some of our fine old gold-embroidered and cock-hatted admirals and commodores on finding themselves on an equal footing at a dinner table with engineers, doctors and paymasters. But, then, this is not only a progressive but a practical age: and even so important a thing as rank must give way to its demands.

TESTIMONY CALCULATED TO MISLEAD.

A sailor's motto is that when you have spun a long yarn, no matter how absurd it may be, you must assert that every word of it is true, and fight the man who disputes it. This motto seems to have been followed somewhat too closely for the interests of truth by Admiral Porter and others, as shown by their testimony before the Naval Committee of the House during the last session of Congress.

We purpose to show how very unreliable and calcu

Our genial little friend, it will be observed, reserves his hottest blows for the Engineer Corps. He turns his pen into a cutlass, and strikes right and left indiscriminately. This is Opinion No. 3, and has chunks of wisdom in it.

"The present organization of the engineers is exceedingly faulty. Originally mere practical engine-drivers they have passed beyond that, and without having, as a body, the scientific education of the line [Think of that!] they have ceased to be practical mechanics."

We confess our inability to clearly understand by the above what the little Commodore is driving at. Perhaps the following sentence will shed more light upon it:

"It is useless to over-educate these people. The present engineers are eminently a dissatisfied and discontented body: due to the disparity between their duties and their aspirations. They should be reduced at least one half; and a subsidiary corps (?) of mechanicians engaged simply to run the engines, occupying, to the one scientific engineer on board, the same relation that the boatswains and gunners do to the line. . . . It is not desirable to use razors to cut blocks."

Certainly not. But the keener the edge of your appropriate instrument the quicker you would cut and finish your block. This is what Mr. Bunsby would call one of his chock-up, first-class opinions. It must, indeed, have been very sad for a fine old gold-embroidered line officer to see a mere engineer, a fellow of coal and oil, ambitious of rank and acquiring a good education. Marry! but there was danger on the fellow knowing more than the Commodore.

"It is useless to over-educate these people. . . . It is not desirable to use razors to cut blocks." *Contract* H. V. *Ardrey*, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance.

There is a flavor of the fine old feudal baron, walled up in his castle, and condescending to speak of his men-at-arms, about this, that, at the present day, is more amusing than instructive. Knowing the genial little Commodore to be something of a joker we at first mistook this for an attempt to make Admiral Whitthorne and his Committee the victims of a joke. Indeed, it did not seem possible that in this age of progress, of education, of development in our mechanic arts, and of scientific advancement generally, an intelligent American, much less a gentleman placed at the head of the Bureau of Ordnance for his supposed scientific attainments, could be found to advance the idea that you could over-educate any class of mechanics or artisans, more especially steam engineers.

We very soon discovered, however, that the little Commodore did not intend what he said as a joke, but that he was treating his subject in the most solemn manner possible. We all know what the art schools of England and France, at large cost, do to educate their mechanics and improve their mechanic arts. Had it not been for our own educated mechanics our mechanic arts would not today have reached that high standard of development Americans have so much reason to be proud of. Skilled labor is the off-spring of genius refined and improved by education; and many of the best minds of Europe, as well as this country, have been devoted to its advancement. This applies with particular force to steam engineering. And yet we are told by the highest scientific authority the American Navy is supposed to possess that it is useless to over-educate our engineers.

We would suggest to our genial little friend that in the hands of a sailor a marlin-spike is less dangerous than a pen, and that before he writes any more letters on relative rank and over-educating engineers, [these people,] he pay a visit to Machinery Hall at the Centennial and spend a week studying its wonders in mechanism. By doing that he would certainly make himself better acquainted with the value of educating the mechanic.

You cannot overeducate the man you place in charge of a steam engine on board of a ship, and on whose judgment and skill a thousand valuable lives, to say nothing of property, may depend. Nearly all the terrible disasters and loss of life we have had to record from explosions, were the result of ignorance and carelessness combined.

"It is not the education of engineers too much to-day.

Of course not—still it is the belief of Admiral Porter, and other high authorities, that all the heroism of the American Navy belongs exclusively to the line in general and Admiral Porter in particular. We can understand how dangerous it would be to put our honorable opinion against such high authority. And yet our theory has been, and still is, that heroism is not a thing you can well monopolize, but belongs to whoever merits it. As the *personnel* of our navy is now constituted, the engineer who stands unflinchingly at his post during the storm of battle, directing the movements of the engine, and modifying every movement to the exigencies of the moment, any one of which may prove fatal, is as much entitled to credit for heroism as the officer who directs the battle from the foretop

or appointed [illegible]. In short, the engineer has simply changed places with the ordinary ship-master.

We are in the habit of saying that our monitors in time of battle are more dangerous than that of the officer in the look-out. He does not, it is true, belong to that branch of the service which absorbs all the rewards and carries off all the laurels, nor is he brought so prominently before the public.

In the first engagement during the war between the Merrimac and the Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, Engineer Albert [illegible] Stimers, who had superintended the construction of the Monitor in New York, was on board during the fight, worked the turret, and was conspicuous for his coolness and gallantry, and rendered very important service after the injury to Captain Worden. And yet Stimers' name was hardly mentioned in connection with the fight. Worden carried off all the honors and all the rewards. Stimers appreciated Worden and was not the man to claim any share of the rewards [illegible].

We may even imagine an engineer [illegible] one of our [illegible] and [illegible]. Wind [illegible], and [illegible] and thinking, when a stranger [illegible] behind the mother-in-law [illegible] where he wrote [illegible] possibly [illegible] Washington [illegible] as [illegible] his [illegible] way of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in peace and [illegible] on the banks of the Tappan Zee. These [illegible] Burghers were interested in certain sloops, [illegible] monopolized all the carrying trade between New York and the Tappan Zee. Hearing that one Mr. Ful-

ton, being in no fear of the devil, and with the evil intention of destroying the business of the sloops, had constructed a ship of frightful appearance, as big as two sloops, and to run up and down the river on wheels, no matter which way the wind blew, and to carry a big tea-kettle in her bottom—greatly alarmed at what they fancied to be impending ruin, these worthy Dutchmen called a midnight meeting in the little church by the hillside, near what is now called Tarrytown; and then, by the aid of a tallow candle, deliberated until nearly daylight as to the best means of snuffing out this Mr. Fulton and his mischievous project. It was rumored about that the Clarement would make her first trip up the river on the following day; thereupon it was finally resolved that Peter Von Ketchum, very likely the worthy ancestor of Commissioner Ketchum of this city, one of their number, who stood six feet seven inches in his boots, and was famous along the banks of the Tappan Zee for his great strength, should, on the appearance of this Mr. Fulton's ship, go down into the river with a big boathook, and in that way stop her progress. Peter did what he was ordered; but there was a funeral a few days after, attended by all the worthy old Dutchmen in the village. It was Peter Von Ketchum's funeral. His friends shed any number of tears for him, and said he was a brave man.

Many years have rolled by since we heard Irving repeat this simple story of the old Dutchman and his boathook to his friends. The philosophy of this simple story may afford the genial little Commodore an excellent subject for study.

LETTER No. 2.

Testimony given with the best of intentions and by the purest of persons may not at all times express the exact truth. Indeed, its tendency may, and too frequently does, mislead as to facts. Even the best of testimony, liable to misconstruction as it is, should be weighed with extreme care lest innocent persons suffer by it.

An officer of the Government, holding an high and important position in one of its branches, when called before a Committee of Congress to testify as an expert, should be extremely careful that what he testifies to is based on facts within his own knowledge. His aim should be to instruct, not mislead a committee. We say this because the testimony of Commander Mead and others, given recently before the Committee investigating naval affairs, was of a character to grievously mislead the Committee, and through it the public. Let us take the most charitable view of this subject. Mr. Mead is one of those chronic grumblers we have before referred to; and is never happy except when he gets a pen in his hand and a ream of foolscap before him. Thus armed and provided he will make the interest of War on Richard Mead and the King's English. On land Richard never is without a war; at sea he will quarrel over his daff: and by this greatest misfortune is that he never thoroughly understands what he writes about or makes war upon.

The most conspicuous case of a gentleman being mis-

led as to his facts and testifying in a manner which must have given the Committee and the public a very erroneous impression, may be found in the history of our amiable little friend Commodore Deffenbaugh's pound engines.

Rising at the head of the Committee's table, and with an air that plainly said, look out for a knock-down to opinions as are opinions, the little Commodore [illegible] a number of large and small inkstands, which he proceeded to exhibit to the Committee, and explain to [illegible] to compound boilers. He had not proceeded [illegible] became evident that he had not exhausted [illegible] explained to several members of the Committee [illegible] depth and extent of his knowledge of the [illegible] was using the ink-stands to illustrate. To be [illegible] was a novel way of explaining a great subject, [illegible] Committee was wide awake and took the [illegible] all in a single glance.

The little Commodore had given the [illegible] of a few moments. He now picked up the [illegible] and held it for a moment before the eyes of the [illegible] Whitthorne, and Willis, and Mills, and Hearing satisfied these gentlemen that the ink-stand [illegible] fectly harmless, he proceeded:

"Gentlemen, [illegible]

[illegible]

You gentlemen on the Committee, exclaimed the [illegible] this moment the delineator let the inkstand [illegible]

ing the Committee into a state of alarm. Admiral Whitthorne winked both his eyes in rapid succession; Mr. Mills cast furtive glances at the door; Mr. Willis ran his fingers nervously over his bright bald head; and Mr. Harris looked more than usually solemn.

Fear of being exploded by this villainous invention, the compound boiler, was what was troubling the little Commodore. If ordered on sea duty he would sleep more tranquil of nights over an old fashioned type of boiler, with eighteen or twenty pounds of steam on. His alarm increased as he proceeded:

"Now, gentlemen, [illegible] pressure due to sixty pounds of gas—no, no, pshaw! a pound of gunpowder" (Gunpowder, muddy water in the way of a defensive material. I know this statement to be true, for I have read it.)

That the little Commodore knew what he said because he had "read it" must have impressed the Committee with the importance of testimony based on the mere statement of a man knowing a thing to be true because he had read it somewhere. We have read Richard Mead on Naval Construction, and yet we would not like to swear by Richard Mead as infallible. After the pause of a moment he again raised the inkstand in a menacing manner. "Gentlemen of the Committee," exclaimed the little Commodore, "overhaul your [illegible] department, bring the sun down to your horizon, and give me your nautical attention, and I will shew you what a devilish invention these compound engines are." The little Commodore was evidently waxing and hauling in a thick fog. Holding the inkstand horizontally he proceeded to explain what would be the result if the water

got too hot in the inkstand"—supposing it to be a compound boiler—and should explode. Here the Committee again became so alarmed that the lively Willis and solemn Harris left the room, and Admiral Whitthorne snapped his eyes in rapid succession.

"The boiler of a compound engine, gentlemen, is more apt to explode than the boiler of a simple engine."

There was a blue look about the eyes of what there was left of the Committee.

"Proceed in order," interposed Admiral Whitthorne, "but please put the inkstand down. These explosions are very dangerous."

Here again is where the wisdom that astonished this enlightened Committee comes in:

"On going into action with a simple engine you blow the steam off the boilers until it is just above the atmospheric pressure (?), so that if a shot should strike the boiler" [Up went the inkstand again] "there is no pressure to hurt you."

The Committee took comfort from this, and resumed its usual serenity. The difference between one's being blown to atoms by a simple or compound engine was a matter of great importance with the little Commodore. It was so much easier to die by steam of a low pressure.

"But if you get a shot" [Shot, mind you] "into one of these compound boilers"

Here he paused for a moment to regain confidence, and was about saying, gentlemen of the Committee, you would all go to that place where your best friend keeps open house. But he refrained, out of consideration for Admiral Whitthorne's feelings.

But I digress, he resumed. "If you get a shot into one of these compound boilers it will be equivalent to exploding two hundred and fifty pounds of gunpowder at that point; and, gentlemen, you all know, or ought to know, what would then happen."

Mr. Willis, having recovered from his alarm, re-entered the room. And just then the little Commodore let the big inkstand fall again, and in a trice every member of the Committee was on his feet.

Now, let us compare these statements of our genial little friend whose scientific attainments secured him a place at the head of the Bureau of Ordnance, with well-established facts, and see what they amount to. The force of the explosion of a boiler and that of gunpowder are simple matters of calculation, and are well known. We will take up the compound engine first.

We are informed on the very best authority that there are afloat today no less than sixteen of our ships of war, fitted with compound engines. Of these there are twelve with boilers so small that each one holds only one hundred and five (105) cubic feet of water, instead of two hundred and fifty (250) as Commodore Jeffers asserts, and swears to. His innocence, we will not say ignorance, of the subject he was attempting to explain was more forcibly illustrated in what he says about lowering the pressure of steam on going into action. He ought to know, if he does not, that instead of lowering the pressure of steam on going into action, it is always raised. Let us take the famous fight between the Kearsarge and Alabama. The pressure in the boilers of the

Kearsarge the hour preceding the fight is recorded on the log at twelve pounds; during the fight it is recorded at twenty pounds; and during the next preceding run at sea the average was only sixteen pounds. This will prove that during the action it was 25 per cent. higher than when steaming at sea. In short, the steam pressure was nearly doubled as soon as the Alabama came out of Cherbourg.

Again: In the attack on Mobile there was a pressure of 13 pounds in the boilers of Admiral Farragut's flagship, while the mean running pressure at sea for the next preceding passage was only 10.7 pounds. In all cases of action, and in some cases of *siege*, the boiler pressure has been increased. Commodore Jeffers cannot produce the record of any of our ships going into a fight without the maximum pressure, or nearly so, in the boilers. Accept his theory that in going into action, with a simple or any other engine, "you blow the steam off the boilers until it is just above the atmospheric pressure," and what becomes of your power to manœuvre?

On the western rivers, during the war, vessels, with simple or non-condensing *engines*, went into action frequently with more than one hundred (100) pounds pressure in their boilers. The reason for this increase of pressure on going into action will readily be seen. It enables you to work the engines with greater power, and ensures quicker movements, should they become necessary.

The explosion of gunpowder compared with that of a high-pressure boiler of the Adams class, and a low-pressure of the Kearsarge class.

It will be generally admitted that the Kearsarge is one of the most successful of the very low-pressure gunboats afloat. She has two main boilers; one containing seven furnaces, the other six. The large one holds, when steaming, 18,608 pounds of water and at 20 pounds pressure 75.4 pounds avoirdupois of steam. The smaller main boiler holds 12,532 pounds of water, and 66 pounds weight of steam. The boilers of the Kearsarge extended two feet above the water line, while the boilers of the Adams, a vessel of the same size, are entirely below the water line. The calculation we give below is for the maximum possible dynamic effect, and is applied rigorously to both cases. It is also made for one boiler, as suggested by Commodore Jeffers.

	KEARSARGE.		ADAMS.
	Large Boiler.	*Small Boiler.*	*One Boiler.*
Pressure (P) in lbs. per sq. in. above the atmosphere	20	20	60
Temperature (T) of steam and of water due to that pressure	260.4	260.4	344.2
Weight (W) of water in the boiler, in lbs. avoirdupois	18,608	12,532	6,720
Weight (w) of steam in the boiler, in lbs. avoirdupois	75.4	66.	12.4
Total heat (H) in the steam, in degrees Fahrenheit	1,149.36	1,149.36	1,208.86
Total heat (H) in steam, at 30 inches pressure	1,178.6	1,178.6	1,178.6

There would be on the release of the pressure a definite quantity of water evaporized, which would in turn

augment the explosion. We will now suppose a shot to have pierced the boiler, and the water thus vaporized to have the same dynamic effect as the pre-existing steam, and also that the total force of the explosion be expended in lifting vertically upward a vessel of 1,000 tons displacement; and we will further suppose that *all* the heat available in each case will be utilized.

The heat lost by the water, in the boiler, on its release of pressure, will be measured by the expression T − 212, and the quantity of water vaporized would be measured by the expression

$$\frac{W\ (T - 212)}{966.1} \qquad Q \qquad \qquad (1)$$

And to this we must add the weight of steam (w) already in the boiler, making $Q + w$. In equation (1) W = the weight of the water in the boiler, and 966.1 the number of thermal units necessary to vaporize one pound of water.

The range of temperature between the total heat in steam at T degrees and that at the atmospheric pressure is —

$$H - H' \qquad h \qquad \qquad (2)$$

And the height to which 1,000 tons would be projected will be measured by the equation —

$$\frac{772\ (Q + w)\ h}{1,000 \quad 2,240} \qquad S \qquad \qquad (3)$$

Substituting the numerical values for the letters in equation (3) we have

Large boiler of the Kearsarge	S	12.89 feet.
Small boiler of the Kearsarge	S	11.28 feet.
Boiler of the Adams		7.32 feet

But supposing the boiler of one of our compound engines *should* hold 250 cubic feet of water, and that a pressure of 60 pounds should be used, as Mr. Jeffers has sworn. Then the height to which 1,000 tons would be lifted would be, from equation 3

$$\frac{75}{1000} \times \frac{Q}{27.40} \times \frac{f}{60.8 + 60} = 16.8 \text{ feet.}$$

While the total heat of the combustion of 250 pounds of gunpowder would raise the same weight just 61.7 feet, or $\frac{61.7}{16.8} = 3.7$ times as high.

From General Rodman's experiments he found that the complete combustion of cannon powder, burned in its own volume, gave a pressure of 185,000 pounds per square inch. He burned 10 pounds of cannon powder in an iron cylinder 3.85 inches in diameter by 72 inches in height, which was just the volume of 10 pounds of powder, and which gave him the result.

The space occupied by 250 pounds of cannon powder is a cylinder of 13 inches base by 54.81 inches in height. Taking the pressure deduced by Rodman, viz., 185,000 pounds per square inch, the pressure on the base of 13 inches is 2,520,625 pounds, and the total dynamic effect of the whole cylinder is 138,231,075 pounds, and this divided by 2,240,000 pounds will give the number of feet through which 1,000 tons can be moved by that pressure, viz., 61.7 feet.

This is the maximum possible dynamic effect, exactly as in the case of the boilers.

Here is a gentleman, Head of the Bureau of Naval Ordnance, and in high standing among the fine offi-

cers, who actually does not know the relative lifting power of gunpowder and steam. He shows himself to be alike ignorant of the merits of compound engines; and yet he astonishes a whole Committee of Congress with his knowledge of the superiority (?) of the old or simple type of engine over the compound. Of the twenty-odd officers of the line who recently undertook to enlighten the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House on the demerits of compound engines, scarcely one of them showed that he knew the first principle of their working. This did not reflect much credit on the *personnel* of the navy. Navy officers, as a rule, forget that established facts drive theories to the wall.

Now, your average Congressman is proverbially stupid. He comes to Washington fresh from his rural district, with a very limited knowledge of literature, art, science, or natural philosophy, much less naval matters and engineering. His whole stock in trade consists of an imperfect knowledge of the political history of his State, an inordinate ambition to serve his constituents, personally or otherwise, and make too a little reputation for himself. He is happy if he can get on an investigating committee, for that affords him a new and enlarged field for the object of his ambition. If there is any one thing he needs more than another it is to be instructed correctly by officers like Admiral Porter and Commodore Jeffers, who stand before the country at the head of their profession. Instead of this, we have both these high officials doing all in their power to excite prejudice against the Navy generally, to belittle its force, and to mislead the Committee, and through it create erroneous impressions in the minds of the people.

The simple fact is, the compound engine is working a revolution in steam engineering, just as the first introduction of steam worked a revolution in navigation, and again, as the screw worked a revolution over the side wheel. All these, considered as innovations at the time but now acknowledged as triumphs of skill and perseverance, were persistently opposed and their utter failure predicted by just such high authorities as Admiral D. D. Porter and Commodore Jeffers. We remember how persistently a fine old British Admiral, commanding the North American squadron, nearly half a century ago, predicted that neither the "Royal William," then in Halifax harbor, nor the "Savannah" would ever get across the Atlantic, "*with wheels*." He demonstrated the whole thing, and brought his scientific knowledge in to aid him, just as Admiral Porter and Commodore Jeffers did recently. His astonishment may be easily imagined when the news reached him that both ships had crossed the Atlantic in safety, and that the Royal William had used "her wheels" all the voyage.

Lardner turned out no better as a prophet; and we all know what a mean way he took to excuse his blunders. The opposition to the screw was even more persistent. High scientific authorities of the Porter and Jeffers non-progressive type, told us exactly how such a weighty encumbrance at the stern of a ship would be sure to work her destruction during the first heavy sea; that no sternpost could be made strong enough to stand the strain. The slightest accident to the Sarah Sands, the first ocean steamer to adopt it that we know of, was caught up and heralded over the country as proof posi-

tive that the screw never could be a success. Imperfect as the machinery on board of the Sarah Sands was, she in the end proved a success as an ocean steamer, notwithstanding the many impediments thrown in her way by gentlemen of high scientific attainments. The screw was not a perfect piece of machinery at first. It had to be improved, like every new invention. But no sensible man will to-day be foolish enough to say it is not an acknowledged triumph in ocean navigation. The same may be said of the compound engine. It is working another revolution in steam engineering. The high scientific authorities of England and France have already ceased their opposition to it, and their best practical engineers have acknowledged its merits and adopted it. There may still be some imperfections about it. Minor improvements may be needed and our working engineers made more thoroughly acquainted with its details, but the day is not far distant when it will be accepted as the greatest achievement of steam engineering.

LETTER No. 3.

The future historian of our late war will have two very difficult tasks to perform—one in sifting truth from falsehood as it appears in official records; the other in giving Admiral D. D. Porter his proper place among the heroes of the conflict. We say this without any disparagement to Admiral Porter as a brave officer. He will, however, find in the Admiral a character very unevenly balanced, and one of the most difficult to analyze correctly. He has at times reminded us of one of those strange characters we read of in Italian history, who live entirely within themselves and for themselves, who are never so happy as when they are making mischief; whose life is a continual struggle to elevate themselves by pulling other and better men down, and with whom truth and justice are not things worth being loyal to.

Admiral Porter's mind seems to be in a state of continual alarm. He looks at the American Navy with weeping eyes and through clouded glasses, tells us it is certainly going to the dogs, and that we would certainly get whipped in a contest with even a fifth-rate power. This chronic fear of being whipped by any three-ship maritime power is not creditable to the Admiral personally or to the reputation our Navy has earned for itself abroad. What we object to most is not that the Admiral should indulge his fears, but that he shall yearly parade them before the nations of Europe. We would rather charge this to a mistaken ambition than to moral cowardice. Still, as it does the Navy a great injustice.

and implies a censure on its *personnel* as well as its material, the bad effects are even more damaging than if they were simply the offspring of moral cowardice.

The Admiral's testimony before the Naval Committee is instructive if not interesting reading. It is very evident that Porter was uppermost in Porter's mind when Porter gave that testimony. And we have come to the conclusion, after carefully reading it, that there is only one man in the United States who knows all about the American Navy, or who can make it command the respect of the world, and his name is D. D. Porter. We say this with due respect for his modesty. Admiral Whitthorne and the Committee, we are happy to say, shared his opinion and reported accordingly. We cannot help saying that had the Committee made charitable allowance for a weakened brain and a very disordered liver the interests of truth and right would have been better served.

Let us listen for a few minutes to what this high old Admiral told the Committee, and in the most solemn manner, about "the deplorable condition of our Navy."

"Our Navy, taken as a whole, is worth nothing; and the sooner the country understands that fact the better."

"It would require a great stretch of credulity to make one believe that the Navy is in the flourishing condition represented by Chief Constructor Hanscom in his late report to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy. Probably he believes what he says, 'that the power of our iron-clads for harbor and coast defense, where the fighting will be done in smooth water, must be considered equal, if not superior, to that of a large number of sea-going iron-clads of other nations; and that no officer in command of one of our monitors would hesitate to engage

in action, in smooth water, any sea-going iron-clad yet afloat, except perhaps a few of the latest type."

Again, we see how fear of our Navy getting whipped by some insignificant power distresses our Admiral. This sort of stuff is not creditable to its author, either as a man of generous impulses or sound judgment. He never did like Chief Naval Constructor Hanscom; if we are rightly informed, the dislike is mutual. Hanscom has no very profound respect for rank, and in more than one instance, in appearing before so great an Admiral failed to make a salute according to the regulations. And, too, he was given to smiling, as Admiral Whitthorne is to winking, and on two occasions (two, mind you, actually appeared in the presence of this awful Admiral with a smile on his face, when he should have been intensely solemn. Hence this clashing between the Admiral's pen and the Constructor's broad-axe.

Again, Admiral Porter says:

"Our officers, as has been proved, are ready to do battle, even with the most desperate odds; but I do not believe there is anyone who would engage one of the ships alluded to, in smooth water or otherwise, unless he wanted to throw his own vessel away."

These are fair specimens of the testimony given by the Admiral, and received as gospel. That our Navy is not equal to England's in heavy iron-clads will be conceded. But every unprejudiced man who thoroughly understands the subject will admit that our Navy is in a better condition to-day than it ever was before, and instead of being worsted in a contest with a fifth-rate

power, as the Admiral would have us believe, it could in ninety days be put in a condition to cope with some of the first-rate powers. Before we get through we shall give facts and figures enough to satisfy any unbiased mind that what we say is true.

He says millions of dollars have been squandered, and the American Navy ruined. Perhaps millions have been squandered. We will admit that there has been too much of what is called Cattellism in the Navy; but in the matter of squandering millions, if we can judge from experience, we should say Porterism would not be an improvement. A great Navy is a great and very costly luxury; and, organized as ours is, can only be kept up at great cost. If Admiral Porter wants to see squandering done on a grand scale he must visit England's dockyards.

And what is Admiral Porter's cure for all the ills he would have the country believe the Navy has been afflicted with since he lost control of it? A Board of Admiralty. He was too modest to say, a Board of Admiralty with Admiral Porter at its head. We have a very vivid recollection of this very same Admiral in the role of Secretary of the Navy, Board of Admiralty, and the Department generally. And yet he was not a success, nor was he happy. Innocent persons at a distance sincerely believed poor old Mr. Borie was at least Secretary of the Navy. That was a mistake. Borie was only chief clerk to Porter. And it was Porter who spent, or rather squandered, nearly forty millions of dollars in less than two years, and succeeded in making the Navy ridiculous. There is no other name for it. He

cannot point us to one good ship built or rebuilt during his illustrious reign of two years in the Navy Department. We can point him to a number of disgraceful failures. He squandered more money on useless and frivolous experiments, and issued more absurd and ridiculous orders than was done by the Navy Department before or since. And he was made unhappy, and has been unhappy ever since, because his career of mischief was cut short.

A man whose mind is continuously balancing between his ambition and his avarice, who is happy only when he is elevating himself at the expense of others, is not a safe person either to confide in or trust with power. Avarice did we say? The Admiral tells us further on in his testimony:

"Question. Since you left the Department I suppose you have no personal knowledge of the manner in which things are done there?

"Answer. None at all. I have not been inside the building four times in six years."

According to this candid admission the Admiral is a costly nonentity. He has nothing whatever to do but grumble and consume foolscap, and yet he draws double the pay of a Cabinet Minister. This, to say the least, is an inconsistency no republican Government should tolerate, and Congress should at once correct. The Admiral is known to be a man of wealth, the result of prize money made during the war. He neither entertains, nor gives for charity's sake. And yet, no sooner had Secretary Robeson published his mischievous Order No. 216, putting officers of the Navy on furlough—or

rather, starvation-pay, than the Admiral rose to the surface with tears in his eyes, and appealed to the President to make him an exception; in other words to save his pocket and relieve his conscience. He was, perhaps, less affected by that mischievous order than any other officer of the Navy, for it still left him the pay of a Cabinet officer, and more than that of a member of Congress, while officers who had served in the Navy nearly as long as the Admiral had their pay reduced to fourteen hundred dollars, or thereabouts. They did not go to the President with their grievances? They did not peddle their hardships among newspaper men.

We remember Admiral Porter at Fort Fisher. It has always been a matter of doubt with us which played the more conspicuous part in the history of the taking of that fort, the redoubtable Butler or the boastful Porter. Butler, deeming discretion the better part of valor, adopted the Chinese method of blowing up a fort by exploding a powder-boat near shore, and keeping at a safe distance himself. Porter thought he could improve on Butler's method by ... ing the fort with pen and ink. Here is a specimen of his style of action:

(Private.

NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON,
U. S. FLAGSHIP "MALVERN,"
CAPE FEAR RIVER, *Jan.* 21*th*, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR: I received your kind letter of the 17th inst. and thank you warmly for the confidence you reposed in my opinion that this place could be taken.

To the Navy Department alone is the country indebted for the capture of this rebel stronghold, for had it not been for your perseverance in keeping this fleet here and your constant propositions made to the Army, nothing would have been

[illegible] As it was, after the preparations had been approved, and General Grant promised that troops should be sent, it was not done until General Butler consented to let the matter go on, and when he hoped to reap some little credit from the explosion of the powder-boat. Now the country gives General Grant the credit of inaugurating the expedition, when on both occasions he permitted it to go improperly provided. In the first place, it had neither head nor tail as far the Army was concerned. In the second place, he (Grant) sent too few men, when he ought to have calculated that the rebels would have more strongly defended the works after seeing what a narrow escape they had. Nothing but the most desperate fighting and a determination to win on the part of the Army gave us the victory. The gallant band of sailors who fearlessly went on to the works, amidst a shower of canister and bullets, drew the enemy's attention away from the assault on the land-side, and enabled the troops to obtain a secure footing. I don't say this to detract from the gallantry of the soldiers, for never did men fight harder or more handsomely than did our troops on that day.

Now that the most important part on the coast has been gained, as usual you will hear but little of what the Navy did, and no doubt efforts will be made to gain credit to show that the work was "not substantially injured by a land-side work." To General Grant, who looks always willing to take the credit when anything is done, and ever ready to lay the blame of the failure on the Navy when a failure takes place, I feel under no obligation for services rendered, and having a report to be agreed to by headquarters that there were three days when the Navy might have operated and did not. He knows about as much about it as he did when he wrote to me saying that the "only way in which the place could be taken was by running the ships past the batteries," showing evidently that he had not studied the hydrography of Cape Fear River, and did not know the virtue there was in our wooden walls when they went in for a fair standing fight. Any fort in rebeldom

can be taken if we can only get within reach of it. I have served with the Lieutenant General before, where I never worked so hard in my life to make a man succeed as I did for him. You will scarcely notice in his reports that the Navy did him any service, when without the help it has given him all the way through he would never have been Lieutenant General. He wants magnanimity, like most officers of the Army, and is so avaricious as regard fame that he will never, if he can help it, do justice to our department. When the rebels write the history of this war, then and only then will the country be made to feel what the Navy has done. I do not feel at all kindly towards General Grant for the indifference he displayed in this matter, until he found his own reputation at stake, then he was glad to throw the elephant overboard that had weighed him down so heavily. He could not help but know that General Butler was going in command of this expedition—the matter was constantly discussed with him. He knew that he had placed himself, and all his numerous staff on board the flagship "Ben DeFord," and everybody spoke of him as commander of the troops.

In a conversation with General Grant I expressly told him that I wanted nothing to do with General Butler, and he promised me faithfully that he should not have any connection with the expedition. Two months I waited, the fleet ready to sail at an hour's notice, and I acquiesced in the Lieutenant General's decision that he could not spare troops for fear of endangering the defenses in his front. I said then "the expedition will never go until Butler has a finger in the pie," and, sure enough, when Butler said go we went. The fear of weakening the defenses disappeared on Butler's presenting his plan of blowing the forts down, and an army was shipped so quick (unprepared) on the transports that they almost sailed in the middle of a heavy gale. General Grant knew that I did not care a fig for the powder-boat, though I was very willing to try it as an experiment, but not disposed to trust to it altogether. I think it was most unhandsome in him to listen for

a moment to the idle talk of Butler's staff, and his timid, calculating engineer, Comstock, who wanted some excuse for not doing their duty. The Lieutenant General and I were together eighteen months before Vicksburg. He never had to wait for me, nor did any of his generals, but I have had to wait for them, and he should have supposed from the past, and my anxiety to go to work, that I had not become any slower in my movements than I was on the Mississippi; his course proves to me that he would sacrifice his best friend rather than let any odium fall upon Lieutenant General Grant. He will take to himself all the credit of this move, now that it is successful, when he deserves all the blame for the first failure to take the place. All this now is saddled on General Butler, and history will, to the end of time, give General Grant's share in it. I tell it to you for your own personal satisfaction, that you may know and feel that you are entitled to the entire credit for getting this expedition off, and for its success. I am merely the agent, and only used to advantage the ample means placed at my disposal, which anyone else could have done as well as I. I expect you sometimes think I am a little too impolitic in what I say, but that is my nature; I am always ready to fight right away, if anyone reflects upon the Navy. I know that no country under the sun ever raised a Navy as you have done in the same space of time, and that no Navy ever did more. Could the Navy operate in James River, Richmond would now be ours. Vicksburg, a stronger place, fell when the Navy was brought to bear on it. Every place has fallen where Navy guns could have been brought into play.

Our success here is in keeping with my most sanguine expectations. I knew we would have Caswell in less than a month, but I had no idea that the rebels would blow that and other works up so soon and leave us sole possession. I am uneasy now for fear they may reenforce all their forces this way, and throw 10,000 men on to this peninsula. They would re-take Fort Fisher, even with the gunboats we have here, and turn the guns of the fort on us. The object is a great one, and if I

was General of their forces I would do it at all hazards. Yet this is not a pet place with the Lieutenant General, and he leaves it with about 7,000 men, and I don't think knows much of the situation.

An Army man thinks if he has a gunboat at his back he is all safe, but this is one case where at times the gunboats are driven off by bad weather, and those inside cannot co-operate effectively. I have given you a long letter, but find an apology for myself in the fact that I know your whole heart is in the Navy, and that everything concerning it interests you. Again permit me to thank you kindly for the confidence you have always placed in me, and the opportunities you have given me for distinction, and assuring you that it has been my warmest wish to merit only your approbation, I remain respectfully and sincerely,

Your obedient servant,

(Sgd) DAVID D. PORTER.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

The reader will see I, me, I, me, I, David Porter, all through this remarkable letter. There is also a very large amount of what old-fashioned people would call soft-soap in this letter, intended, doubtless, for Mr. Gideon Welles' personal use, but entirely wasted. Indeed, Mr. Welles was not the man to encourage Mephistophilism in the Navy, or anywhere else. Estimating this private and very confidential letter at its full value, Mr. Welles ordered it placed on the files of the Department.

A careful reading of this remarkable letter will discover the fact that the Admiral has first-class skill as a portrait painter. Seen in the misty distance we have a clever outline drawing of the redoubtable Butler and

his famous powder-boat. The portrait of Grant, as seen by the light of developments since he became President, could scarcely be improved. As to that of the Admiral himself it is admirable as a likeness and a work of art. On one very important matter the Admiral leaves us in doubt. It has been charged that the redoubtable Butler's powder-boat was a part of Porter's fleet, and that the plan of frightening the rebels into good behavior by exploding that monstrocity was the joint invention of D. D. P. and B. F. B. The Admiral should have settled that question; then his letter would have been a model of naval literature.

LETTER No. 4

Our attention has recently been called to Chief Constructor Hanscom's reply to Admiral Porter on the question of the efficiency of the American Navy, and as the Constructor backs up his statements with figures and facts, we prefer taking a reserve position and letting him speak through this letter. Restless always, and nothing if not malignant, the venerable Admiral, it will be remembered, leveled his heftiest pen blows at the Chief Constructor, who retaliates, figuratively speaking, with a broad-axe. It is evident that the Constructor knew his timber, and kept on cutting and hewing until there was not enough of the venerable Admiral left to make a hatch combing. Indeed, we have in this reply positive proof that so vulgar a tool as the broad-axe may be mightier than the sword. We must confess it grieves us to see an Admiral, of such magnificent pay and pretensions, disposed of in this common-place way. Hear what the Constructor says:

COMPARATIVE CONDITION, EFFICIENCY, ... OF THE NAVY.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,

BUREAU OF CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIR.

GENTLEMEN: Since obtaining permission to submit a statement in reply to Commander R. W. Meade's paper laid before the Naval Committee as evidence against the Navy Department and Bureau of Construction and Repair, I have read his evidence, and also that of Admiral D. D. Porter, and beg leave to make a reply more in detail than at that time I had proposed to do. When an officer of a government, holding the highest rank of an admiral, standing at the head of a navy of a large commercial nation like the United States, makes a state-

ment to the Naval Committee of Congress upon the Construction and Repair Department of the Navy, it is expected that it will be made with great care, be reliable as to facts, and carry with it sufficient importance to be received with marked attention and careful consideration.

But it is to be regretted that the statements of the Admiral, and also of Commander Meade, (for in many respects they are alike,) are so far from the truth and so unreliable (as will be shown hereafter) that the whole must be thrown aside as unworthy of consideration by those who have a practical knowledge of the subject. To those unacquainted with naval construction and repair, their statements would appear of great importance, and hence the necessity of noticing them in detail; and as the Admiral takes upon himself the important duty of directing what laws should be passed to re-organize the Navy, and carry into effect changes in the naval system, based upon his statement, it is but a duty to the country, to Congress, and the honorable Naval Committee, that his statements should be carefully compared with well-known facts touching the case, and the errors pointed out.

It will be noticed that Commander Meade has added to the list of vessels which was given to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, in the report of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, in November, 1875, his own estimate of the condition of those vessels. What that estimate or opinion is worth, coming from an officer who has no practical knowledge of the work of shipbuilding or repairing, is left to the consideration of the Honorable Committee, but to a naval constructor it would not be of the least value, or receive a moment's attention.

He says of the Alert, an iron vessel of the small class, "flimsily built;" when the sizes or specifications are ten per cent. larger than those used in the same class of vessels of the British Navy, and the test of the materials shows that they are ten per cent. stronger.

Some of the vesels which he says are rotten, or half rotten,

Mr. [illegible] Committee of Ways and Means, [illegible] Committee Mis. Doc. No. [illegible], as a peace establishment for the United States, and his estimated cost for the same, which will be demonstrated further to be far below the cost of the same classes of ships in England, provided that they are built in accordance with what he says on page 114, Miscellaneous Evidence, before the Naval Committee: "Third: to build up a navy, commenced with most approved models of the most invulnerable vessels now built or building in the British Navy."

ESTIMATED COST,

		Cost in the United States currency, as given in tables furnished by Admiral Porter to the Naval Committee.
20 iron-clad monitors of greatest power, to be also rams for home defense, 1,000 tons each to be built in 12 years		$28,000,000
12 iron ships of greatest speed, larger than Inconstant class, British navy, 5,000 tons each,		18,000,000
*12 live-oak or composite ships of great speed, Volage class, British navy, 3,000 tons each...		10,000,000
20 wooden ships of great speed 1,700 tons each,		10,200,000
16 wooden ships of great speed, 800 tons each,		3,840,000
10 torpedo vessels, iron, 300 tons each.....		2,550,000
		72,590,000
"Bacchante," 2,629 tons, an iron vessel cased with wood, as is the case with the Volage, approaches the above class much nearer in tonnage than the Volage, therefore the cost is also given in connection.	Each	$835,333
	12 vessels.....	10,000,000

AS A PEACE ESTABLISHMENT.

Cost in the United States, complete, ready for service, all stores on board, including 25 per cent. for the cost of the plans, and 15 per cent. for the cost of the armament	Lowest possible price for which this class of vessels could be built under the conditions of the service, from contracts made under the most favorable circumstances	English estimates of cost of this class of vessels in England, in gold, complete for service.	
$1,467,580	$1,301,060	Each	£312,246
		20 vessels	10,244,920
21,429,812	20,813,714	Each	855,517
		12 vessels	4,026,564
14,087,028	16,330,320	Each	204,776
		12 vessels	2,457,312
15,354,820	17,060,900	Each	127,957
		20 vessels	2,559,140
5,763,820	6,356,800	Each	59,108
		16 vessels	960,528
1,720,000	1,851,040	10 torpedo vessels	1720,000
120,811,400	130,723,880		£22,138,398
1,400,000	1,560,000	Each	£231,000
16,818,000	18,720,000	12 vessels	2,808,000

Cost in England in pounds sterling is approximated for the torpedo-boats.

The Dreadnought and Inflexible are just about completed, and are the results of the experience and experiments of the English for the past twelve years, and they are the latest of their monitors "of greatest power," with most approved models *now built* or "building in the British Navy;" and each cost as per official reports coming direct from the Chief Constructor of the British Navy, Mr. Barnaby, as follows, for those items under his cognizance:

Contract for hull	£401,000
Contract for engines	120,750
Estimated cost of 4 of four 81-ton guns on board	69,000
Incidentals for completing vessel ready for service, rigging, outfit, &c.	62,400
	611,150
Add 20 per cent. for difference between labor at 10 instead of 8 hours per day, difference between first-class skilled labor, which in England (the Admiral says, in his Doc., page 107, is 32) per cent. less than in the United States) averages 5 shillings, or $1.25 gold per day of 10 hours, and in this country averages $ currency per day of 8 hours, and difference in value in currency and gold, &c., the Admiral's estimate at 20 per cent. is very low; he says, in his evidence on page 12, that vessels cost 20 per cent. more in this country than in England, a careful examination will show that the total increase on the first cost of vessels between England and this country on account of the above items would be over 50 per cent. instead of 20 per cent., the increase in the price of labor alone being over 100 per cent., and this item enters into the cost of a vessel an average in all classes) to the extent of about one-half the sum total of the cost of the hull and machinery	128,830
	772,980
	5
Cost in currency	$3,864,900

This class are 5,030 tons; one of 1,000 tons would cost proportionally less, in the same ratio that the tonnage is less: therefore—

5,030 tons : 4,000 tons :: $3,864,900 : $3,073,479, cost in U. S. currency.
Number proposed of this class... 20

Cost of the 20 in the table..... 61,469,580 instead of $28,000,000.

The Admiral proposes to build (12) twelve 5,000-ton iron ships of the Inconstant type, but larger by 934 tons at a cost of $4,500,000 each; the following is the English statement of the Inconstant class, and a vessel of 934 tons greater capacity proportionally more

Cost of hull alone	$118,000
Cost of 50 guns	54,750
Estimate of cost of armament	31,000
Provisions, complement, stores for service, rigging, outfit, &c.	29,128
	272,807
Add 20 per cent. for increase in cost of labor, difference in value of gold and United States currency, &c.	54,573
	327,440
	5

Cost of the Inconstant in the United States currency $1,637,240

1,000 tons: 500 tons :: $1,637,240 : $2,013,240, cost in U. S. currency.

Number of vessels proposed 12

Cost of the 12 in the table ..... $24,150,540 instead of $18,000,000.

The next on the list are "12 live-oak or composite ships, of great speed, of the Volage class, British Navy, to be of 3,000 tons each."

Note.—Volage is of only 2,322 tons, and those of the United States are to be of 3,000 tons, 678 tons larger, it is supposed, of course, that the Admiral knows that the cost of the larger vessel will be more than that of the smaller in the ratio that the tonnage is greater. Therefore, we will give the English official statement of the cost of the Volage, and determine from that the cost of a vessel 678 tons larger.

Volage, 2,322 tons.

Cost of hull	$81,775
Cost of 32 guns	11,376
Cost of spars and fitting vessel for service, rigging, outfit	15,138
Provisions, stores, &c.	17,248
	125,537
Add 20 per cent. for difference in price of labor, length of service, United States currency, &c.	51,009
	176,546
	5
Cost in United States currency	$80,480

2,322 tons : 3,000 tons :: $80,480 : $1,295,000, cost in U. S. currency.

Number of vessels proposed 12

Total cost of 12 vessels ..... $11,773,872, instead of $10,000,000, as stated in the table.

The Bacchante, 2,679 tons, is built in the same manner as the Volage, and approaches much nearer in tonnage to those proposed by the Admiral than the Volage, besides carrying a much heavier battery; therefore her cost is also given in connection with the above.

Bacchante, 2,679 tons.

Contract for hull	£109,200
Contract for engines	71,000
Incidentals, estimated cost of, to complete vessel for service, rigging, outfit, &c	36,200
Armament and fixtures	17,600
Cost in pounds sterling (gold) in England	234,000
Add 20 per cent. for difference in price of labor, &c	46,800
	280,800
	5
Cost in United States in currency	$1,404,000

It will be seen that the Admiral gives the cost of 12 vessels of the Volage type, but each to be 931 tons larger, $10,000,000, or $833,333 each, in United States currency, while by the above it will be seen, by English official statements, that the Bacchante, of 2,679 tons, a composite vessel of the type he proposes, but of 321 tons less capacity than his table states, cost the English Government £234,000, or $1,170,000 in gold, and, adding 20 per cent. as per the Admiral's statement on page 125, Mis. Doc., "We can build a ship of the kind of the Inconstant almost as cheaply as it can be built in England, with a difference of perhaps 20 per cent., if properly attended to, but not in the present system," the cost will amount to $1,155,000 under the United States.

To sum it up in a few words, the Admiral proposes to build in this country (by the aid of this board of navy commissioners of "the highest ranks") a 3,000 ton composite vessel complete for $336,667 (in United States currency) less than the British Government has paid in gold to build in England one of the same type of only 2,679 tons, or, accepting the Admiral's own allowance of 20 per cent. as the amount, the total cost in this country would exceed that in England, the above would be $561,667.

The next on the list are 20 wooden ships of great speed, of 1,700 tons. There are no vessels building of this size and class in the English navy, but the nearest approach to them is the Turquoise, Sapphire, &c., of about the same class, but of less tonnage, running from 1,395 to 1,405 tons.

[illegible], of 1,395 tons.

Contract for hull	$59,000
Contract for engines	25,000
Incidentals, estimated cost of, to complete vessel ready for service, rigging, outfit, &c	10,400
Armament and fixtures	10,[illegible]
	105,000
Add 20 per cent. for difference in price of labor, in number of hours of day's work, gold and U. S. currency, &c	21,000
	126,000
	5
Cost of vessel of 1,395 tons in United States currency	$630,000

1,395 tons : 1,700 tons : : $630,000 to $767,711, cost in U.S. curren'y.
No. of vessels proposed of 1,700 tons 20

$15,351,820, instead of $10,500,000, as per statement.

The new vessels of the Pelican and Cormorant class will correspond nearly to the proposed 800-ton vessels, but slightly less in tonnage

Contract for hull	$37,000
Contract for engines	11,900
Incidentals, estimated cost of, to complete vessel ready for service, rigging, outfit, &c	5,808
Armament and accessories	4,700
	59,408
Add 20 per cent. for difference in labor, length of day's work, gold and United States currency, &c.	11,881
	71,289
	5
Cost of vessel in United States currency	$356,445
Number of vessels proposed	16
Total cost of 16 vessels of Pelican class, instead of $[illegible], as per his statement	$5,703,120

Lastly come ten torpedo vessels, of 300 tons. As we are unable to find any English data for any of this class, it would seem correct to take the Alarm of our own service as a criterion in regard to cost. Congress appropriated $600,000 for the

building of two torpedo boats, which would be $300,000 for one.

The records of the Navy Department will show expenditures on the Alarm as follows:

Construction department, hull, fixtures, &c	$284,052 83
Engines	120,057 17
Armament and incidentals to complete vessel ready for service	81,000 00
	485,104 00
Since which there has been expended on her in alterations and repairs	14,066 75
Making a total of	499,170 75

Therefore as the Alarm, of 301 tons, under the designs and sole supervision of the proposed head of the board of commissioners, cost $485,104, it is deemed safe to consider that, under the same management, (even with the experience gained,) the cost of building ten vessels of the same class and tonnage could not be reduced more than $85,104. Taking $450,000 as the cost of each, would make the total for the ten boats $4,500,000 instead of $2,550,000, the amount given in the table.

Appropriation English navy for 1876–77, gold	£1,141,580
Appropriation French navy for 1876–77, gold	£1,535,000
Appropriation German navy for 1876–77, gold	£[illegible]
Proposed appropriation Italian service navy for 1876–77	12,[illegible]000

Napier & Sons state that the actual cost of the last vessels built by them for the English Government was over 8 per cent. more than the contract price.

Admiral Porter gives the following erroneous statements to the Naval Committee as the estimates for the English Navy for 1871:

Construction	£533,650
Steam department	1,610,865
Equipment department	1,850,750

A mere glance at the accompanying papers, marked A, B, C, which are copied exactly with the exception of adding a column for dollars from the accountant-general's report to Parliament, (official copies of which can be shown if desired,)

will show how little dependence can be placed [illegible] statement.

The facts in the case are simply these, and the Admiral is correct when he says that their annual expenditures are quite regular in amount from year to year, that for several years the English appropriation for naval purposes has varied from $51,000,000 to over $56,000,000 in gold; and again, taking the Admiral's statement on page 125, Miscellaneous Evidence, that it costs 20 per cent more to build ships in this country than in England, which is a very low estimate, on account of difference between 8 and 10 hours for a day's labor, the difference in the price of labor and material, and the difference between gold and United States currency, &c., it would make these estimates adding 20 per cent, come up to and vary from $61,200,000 and $67,250,000 annually. And it will be seen that about one-third of this increase sum is for the department of construction, steam engineering, equipment and yards and docks, thus giving to these departments combined from $21,000,000 to $24,000,000 annually, instead of the small sum given in his statement. It will be noticed in table C that for 1876 the amount appropriated for the building up and repairing the Navy was as follows:

	Gold.
Steam machinery and ships by contract	$6,758,609
New work to steam machinery and repairs to same	2,846,215
Wages of mechanics, all departments	5,048,750
Naval stores, for building, repairs and outfits	6,506,600
	22,159,365
Add 20 per cent, as per the Admiral's statement, page 125 for cost of same in the United States	4,467,960
	27,047,511

This sum, as will be seen by the official statement, which is a part of the same paper, C, is for the building, repairing, and outfits of a total force of 243 vessels, many of which are coal-hulks and storeships, of which only 123 are reported to Parliament as effective ships for general service. Also, see official statement B of the First Lord of the Admiralty to Parliament:

	Gold.
The appropriation for pay and subsistence of officers and men	$28,807,275
Medical department	795,536
Contingent, admiralty office, scientific board, martial law, transportation, &c	4,387,100
	33,910,091

As an example, showing with how little care or study the Admiral's statement must have been prepared, of the amounts given to the different departments of the English Navy, I will give here the actual cost of a vessel like the Inflexible, (taken from official statement of the same,) showing that she cost $507,350 more than the whole appropriation allowed by the Admiral for their department of construction, and about two-thirds of the whole amount he gives, as estimated for the total yearly expenditures of three bureaus, under whose cognizance she would be built.

Contract for hull alone	£401,000
Contract for engines	120,750
Incidentals to complete vessel for service, rigging, outfits, &c., &c	120,000
	641,750
Add 20 per cent., as per Admiral's statement, for what would be the increase of cost of ships in the United States	128,330
	770,080
	5
	Gold, $3,850,100

This is exclusive of her armament, which is made under cognizance of the War Department, and is estimated at £60,000, or $300,000, gold.

CONDITION OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

Synopsis of Statement of progress by the First Lord of the Admiralty, in the House of Commons, on March 13, 1876, of the navy, and condition of vessels in Her Majesty's service, as compared with the statement of 1875, applied to such vessels and for like purposes.

	Number in commission, or preparing.	Under orders for commission.	Fitting for commission, or to be commissioned.	Ready for service, if required.	Temporarily in reserve.	General condition.	Newly.	Total for service purposes.	Unfit for service at present.	Building.	Ordered.	Without vote.
Frigates	20	8		9	4	3	1					
Corvettes	32	8	2	.....	4	4		....	4	10	4	
Sloops	29	4	4	.....		13	8	11	...	5	2	
Gun-vessels	42	4	4	1	4	10		..	4		...	6
Gunboats	15	4	.....	..	..	2						
Total	138	16	10	6	12	34	1	11	8	15	2	6

"The columns marked with an asterisk show a total of thirty-one vessels on the navy list, which are rusting away at the bottom of our harbors, a nuisance in the narrow rivers and a source of expense in the men who look after them.

"Number of vessels required for the various stations, 84, viz: 10 frigates, corvette and sloops, 11 gunboats, and three other vessels. Number of ships available at present for service being 10 short of the number pronounced necessary in 1869.

"Eight of the large iron-clads have been stricken from the navy list, viz: Lord Clyde, Zealous, Ocean, Royal Oak, Royal Sovereign, Caledonia, Prince Consort, and Enterprise, as they have been found rotten, and condemned. The Lord Clyde class have proved very expensive from the first, and although not ten years old are now worthless. This has been a costly experience, and shows the error of building iron-clads with wooden frames. We, too, have learned (like the United States) the greater durability of iron in such ships, in our monitors, and are substituting iron beams and frames throughout the fleet.

English naval estimates 1875–'76 *and* 1876–'77 *as voted by Parliament.*

	Pounds sterling.		American gold.	
	1875–'76.	1876–'77.	1875–'76.	1876–'77.
Pay and subsistence:				
Wages for officers, seaman and marines, (active list)..	£2,641,062	£2,631,901	$13,220,310	$13,174,520
Half-pay, reserved half pay, and retired pay to naval and marine officers..... ..	889,511	888,472	4,477,555	4,442,360
Military pensions & allowances	681,781	726,136	3,408,905	3,630 680
Civil pensions on Navy list..	284,529	282,176	1,422,645	1,410,880
Victuals for seamen and marines	1,107,781	1,153,367	5,538,905	5,766,835
Victualing yards.....	75,548	76,400	377,740	382,000
Coast-guard service and naval reserve.....	188,505	210,230	942,525	1,051,150
Medical:				
Medical establishments.....	64,614	65,830	333,220	329,150
Medicines and medical stores..... ...	73,530	76,230	367,650	381,150
Transportation of men and troops.....	197,480	197,180	987,400	987,100
Steam machinery, construction, yards and docks and equipment:				
Steam machinery and ships built by contract...	903,608	1,353,600	4,518,040	6,768,000
New work of steam machinery and repairs for same...	644,751	569,249	3,223,755	2,846,245
Dockyards and naval yards, wages of mechanics of all departments, &c	1,326,649	1,323,750	6,633,245	6,618 750
Naval stores and all material, including timber and iron.....	1,285,770	1,261,320	6,428,850	6,306,600
Marine divisions	18,868	20 053	94,340	100,265
Admiralty office.....	183,916	189,820	919,580	949 100
Miscellaneous services or contingent.....	156,423	135,547	782,115	677 735
Martial law & law charges...	15 904	15 114	79,520	75,570
Naval scientific branch.....	107,324	109,194	536 620	545,970
Total	£10,850,584	£11,285,872	$54,252,920	$56,444,260

Number of ships in commission December 1, 1875, including hulks, &c., 21.

The effective ships for general use are —

Armor-plated line-of-battle ships.....	4
Armor-plated frigates and corvettes	11
Wooden and composite frigates and corvettes.	31
Sloops and small vessels.....	66
Sailing-vessels.....	11
Total effective ships	125

21

First-rate vessels, wood	4
Training-ships, wood	8
Stationary, torpedo	1
Special vessels, yachts	19
Surveying vessels	1
Transport ships	3
Store vessels	8
Drill-ships	8
Small tenders, &c.	65
Total non-effective	120

Mr. Hanscom also makes a detailed comparison of our Navy and its cost, with those of France, Germany, and Spain; and which is even more damaging to Admiral Porter. Here is an extract from what he says in regard to the German Navy, composed of 18 sea going ships of all classes, three of which are large iron clads, and three small iron-clad harbor boats:

For this small Navy the German Government appropriated for 1876, $16,000,000 gold, which is very much more liberal, considering the relative size of the two services, than the appropriations of this Government. Yet truly the purchasing power of this money for labor is twice as great in Germany as in this country; the average price of skilled labor being 70 to 80 cents gold per day, while in this country it is $3 per day in currency; also in Germany the price of material, in many cases, is considerably lower than in the United States. Here it may be as well to observe that one of the German iron-clads of 1,033 tons, but not "of the greatest power," "with most approved models now built or building," cost the German Government $2,150,000 gold; adding 20 per cent., [illegible] Admiral states is the additional cost of building ships in this country, would bring the cost in the United States up to $2,580,000, yet he proposes in his tables to build if he can only have the aid of a Board of Navy Commissioners [illegible]

iron-clad of almost exactly the same tonnage with "greatest speed," "with most approved models," &c., for $1,400,000.

Total of officers and men in German Navy	10,268
Total of officers and men in United States Navy	10,458

Among the items of the German appropriation are $5,000,000 for new vessels and $400,000 for new ordnance.

The Berlin authorities do not see any object in keeping afloat a huge iron-clad Navy at an enormous cost, such as England strives to maintain, they being well aware of the fact that naval construction is in a state of transition at present—changing rapidly and radically in short spaces of time; vessels built only ten years ago by the English being considered by themselves as obsolete, and not even second-rate fighting ships. Eight of their large broadside iron-clads, like the Lord Clyde, Prince Consort, Zealous, &c., have been stricken from their Navy list by order of the Admiralty, as not worth the expense of keeping them in repair. The advent of the monitors wiped out, at a single stroke, the predominance of England in her wooden walls; then she commenced to build her fleet of iron-clad colossi, from which the Caledonia and Warrior, &c., type are now being stricken from her Navy list. Her Navy (and those of the nations blindly copying her) soon passed to the unwieldy Minotaur; next to the short-ships of the Bellerophon class; then, with another change of opinion, came the rigged turreted ships, like the Monarch and ill-fated Captain, (which, upon her trial trip at sea, turned completely over, carrying nearly every one on board to the bottom, with whom were several of the most prominent officers of the English service, who were there as a board to report on her qualities.) Finally, after years of experimenting and expenditures of enormous sums, they have become satisfied that the monitor type is the only correct principle upon which to build a fighting ship.

We now see them building Devastations and Inflexibles with the same confidence with which they produced their Warriors less than ten years since.

Admiral Porter states, on pages 124 and 125, Mis. Doc. No. 5, that the English are "now introducing the 81-ton gun on board of" their vessels, but the 35-ton gun is their service gun," "their iron-clads carrying from four to six of them; and they have 18, 20, and 22-inch armor."

The above tends to mislead; for the facts are that, as yet, the English have only just completed one 81-ton gun, have fired six shots from it, and have sent it back to the shops to have the chamber made larger, as, with its present size, they were *afraid* to get the anticipated results. If all proves satisfactory, four are to be made for the Inflexible, now building, which is a turret vessel, and they will be her only armament. The following list of ships "of most approved models and most lavish naval vessels, now building for the British Navy," will give accurate information on the above statements, showing that they are erroneous in respect to the wholesale introduction of the large guns mentioned, and universal adaptation of 18, 20, and 22-inch armor, as, of all the new iron-clads building, only two approaches the greater thickness:

List of all armored and other vessels now building for the British Government.

Name.	Guns.			Greatest thickness of armor.	Remarks.
	No.	Caliber.	Weight in tons.		
Alexandra	2	11-inch	25	11 ins.	
	10	10-inch	18		
Dreadnaught	1	12-inch	38	do...	Turrets. Bark-rigged.
Inflexible	4	.....	80	24 ins	Turrets.
Nelson	8	9 inch	12	9 inches.	
	4	10-inch	18		
Northampton	8	9 inch	12	do	
	4	10-inch	18		
Shannon	2	10 inch	18	do.	Ship-rigged.
	2	9-inch.	12		
Temeraire	1	10-inch	18	11 ins	Do.
	1	11-inch	25		
Inconstant	10	9-inch	12	None	Brig-rigged composite ship
	6	7-inch	6½		
	2	9 inch	12		
Shah	16	7-inch	6½	do.	Ship-rigged—composite ship
	18	64 pdrs			
Bacchante	11	7-inch	7	do.	Do.
	2	64 pdrs	.....		
Boadicea	11	7-inch	7½	do.	Do.
	2	64-pdrs	.....		
Furyalus	11	7-inch	7½	do.	Do.
	2	64-pdrs	.....		
Emerald	11	do.	.....	do.	Do.
Garnet	11	do.	.....	do	Do.
Opal	11	do.	.....	do.	Do.
Ruby	11	do.	.....	do.	Do.
Tourmaline	11	do.	.....	do.	Do.
Iroquois	11	do.	.....	do.	Do.
Volage	18	do.	.....	do.	Do.
	2	7-inch	7½		
Cormorant	1	64-pdrs	.....	do.	Bark rigged composite ship
Pelican	4	do.	.....	do.	Do.
Penguin	4	do.	.....	do.	Do.
Wild Swan	4	do.	.....	do.	Do.
Osprey	4	do.	.....	do.	Do
Two steel ships	10	.....	.....	.....	

In 1869 and 1870, upon the appointment of Mr. Borie as Secretary of the Navy, we virtually had something similar to the proposed board of naval commissioners, for Admiral Porter, as is well known, had supreme control of the administration of naval affairs, and at once organized boards of ad

mirals to visit and inspect all the yards and vessels possible, and to make recommendations, &c. The records of the Department will show that the Navy did not recover from the results brought about under irresponsible orders, given over his own signature.

The accompanying list will show the immense amounts expended for repairs alone, under the short term of naval advisers to the Secretary, most of which was made without obtaining the advice of experts, either in or out of the service. The Niagara (which he now says is rotting for want of care) was torn to pieces, at an expense of $50,000 to $60,000, before a single plan had been positively decided upon as to the future, and then left, as she now stands, as a monument of those two eventful years for the Navy.

The yacht America was repaired by Admiral Porter, at a cost of $29,500, apparently for the purpose only of entering a yacht race with his flag flying. She never could serve any useful naval purpose.

Twenty-four propellers which had been designed for the vessels when built, and had given good results, were taken off, and a nondescript substituted, without consultation with experts, either naval or otherwise, and which men conversant with those matters knew had been proved, some years before, to be failures, by both the English and French Governments. This was accomplished after an expenditure of nearly $200,000, and the result was, as expected by those practically conversant with such matters, that they had to be all replaced by the old ones, and the others thrown into that unfortunate scrap heap which so distresses the Admiral that he requires a Board of Commissioners of high rank to take care of it.

Numerous sales of vessels and large amounts of material were made, and the money was expended in naval chimeras like the above, the greatest part of which proved utterly worthless, and some of a positive injury to the service, and which caused Congress to enact a law that the money accruing from such sales should be turned into the Treasury.

At this time (see Hon. Mr. Stevens's speech in Congress) commenced those serious dissensions between the line and staff corps, by the issuing of the notorious General Order No. 120, which was issued to carry into effect a threat which had been made, (see Mr. Stevens's speech,) in consequence of the staff declining to support the Board of Admiralty bill, (which, by a strange coincidence, at that time proposed the Vice-Admiral as its head, and now proposes the Admiral, the then Vice-Admiral being now the Admiral,) introduced into Congress at that time.

Finally, the Admiral ventured to give orders over his own signature for the expenditure of money, which the Secretary of the Treasury positively declined to honor.

A careful investigation by the Naval Committee of the records of the Navy Department for the years 1869 and 1870 will convince them of the inadvisability of a board of naval commissioners, organized and instituted upon any of the various plans proposed.

Number of bales of cotton ginned under reports to the Bureau of Construction and Repair, from March, 1865, to October, 1870.

Antietam	845,812
Pilgrim	1,152
Vanderbilt	1,121
Monterey	19,370
Snowdrop	2,380
Standish	2,518
Nipsic	52,183
Shawmut	71,821
Pinta	984
Nina	12,092
Mohongo	5,700
Kansas	116,147
Saco	149,634
Chattanooga	1,104
Camanche	20,303
Galena	13,644
Roanoke	6,750
Agamenticus	54,469
Severn	130,094
Canonicus	11,103
Dictator	57,947
Iowa	5,476
Monadnoc	55,792
Miantonomoh	65,101
Triana	5,207
Fortune	2,918
Saugus	9,122
May Flower	11,895
Mercury	3,267
Jean Sands	1,787
Periwinkle	5,209
Leyden	6,331
Palos	38,792
Yantic	15,818
Swatara	94,193
Resaca	3,150
Phlox	14,082
Congress	181,900
Nantasket	107,358
Worcester	131,880
Pennsylvania	1,897
Guerriere	159,257
Frolic	12,110
Sorrel	3,672
Ticonderoga	210,961
Shawnee	5,582
Tennessee	813,611
Guard	12,418
Rescue	990
America	19,068
Blue Light	1,936
Susquehanna	6,283
Powhatan	6,018
Saranac	173,016
Michigan	3,559
Shenandoah	306,235
Canandaigua	97,551
Cohasset	6,941
Franklin	17,085
Niagara	22,186
Wabash	97,157
Colorado	272,852
Minnesota	97,108
Lackawanna	505,921
Hartford	12,897
Brooklyn	510,871
Lancaster	132,217
Pensacola	421,168
Naragansett	79,630
Iroquois	16,513
Wyoming	233,107
Pawnee	96,690
Mohican	81,371
Dacotah	27,651
Seminole	26,124
Saginaw	23,882
Ossipee	261,157
Wachuset	67,401
Juniata	62,057
Constellation	133,797
Saratoga	15,200
Cyane	16,751
St. Mary's	117,130
Dale	6,941
Ohio	2,278
Independence	27,339
Potomac	10,449
Savannah	16,152
Sabine	75,122
St. Lawrence	2,491
Supply	21,814

LETTER No. 5.

It is not the part of statesmanship to strike down and destroy an industry capable of giving employment to thousands of our mechanics and working people, and in which our reputation as a commercial nation is so largely involved. Statesmanship would encourage, extend, and protect it by all proper means. We refer particularly to iron shipbuilding, which is still in its infancy in this country; and to the adoption of such new and improved machinery as will enable us not only to cope with other nations, but to regain if possible the place our mercantile marine held but a few years ago. And yet this striking down and destroying policy is the one Congress has pursued towards our shipbuilding and maritime interests for a long time. To say that the people of this country have ceased to look to Congress for statesmanship is saying only what is true. Instead of taking broad views and generous action in regard to our mercantile marine, Congress has folded its arms and looked on with indifference while our ocean carrying trade has passed almost entirely out of our hands and into those of foreigners. In truth its sympathies as well as its legislation have been in the interest and for the benefit of foreigners. It is not creditable to us as a great, progressive, commercial nation that what mercantile marine we have is nearly all confined to coastwise and river trade, and that among all the great steamship lines doing the carrying trade between our ports and Europe, we look in vain for the American flag. This, too, in face of the fact that less than twenty years ago we were

acknowledged to have the most skillful shipbuilders, their models and work being admired the world over. Our captains were also famous for their skill and experience. There must be some great governing cause for all this; and the quicker we find where and what it is, and apply the proper remedy, the better. We are willing to make due allowance for what the war did to damage our commerce on the ocean; but we must go beyond that, to unwise, capricious, and dangerous legislation, for the real cause. The war ended more than ten years ago, and still a majority of our shipyards remain deserted, while many of our workshops are struggling for an existence. In New York, workshops that were the most prominent a few years ago—the Novelty, the Allaire, and the Neptune—have gone out of existence. A stable now marks the spot where the great Novelty works stood.

Let us go back a few years and contrast the conduct of the English Government in support of the Cunard line with the treatment of the Collins line by ours. The brothers Edward, Samuel, and Joseph Cunard, were remarkable for their enterprise and public spirit. Joseph, the youngest, did perhaps the most extensive timber and deal trade on this continent, at Miramachi, New Brunswick, but was not successful.

Edward and Samuel were extensively engaged in shipping at Halifax, acted for many years as the North American agents of the old East India Company, and through that means amassed what was then considered a large fortune. Samuel was always the progressive master-spirit of the house; and if we mistake not, fre-

quently engaged in enterprises his elder brother Edward took but little interest in; to be brief, Edward retired with his fortune, and Samuel founded the line of steamships which now bears his name. It was his conception and adoption, he used to say. Of course he had to meet and overcome all sorts of obstacles—the opposition of certain high officials in the British Admiralty Board, and the distrust of banking institutions being the most serious. That was in 1839. It is said Mr. Cunard, familiarly known as Sam Cunard, built the Unicorn, pioneer ship, and the Acadia entirely with his own money. Be this as it may, in less than three years, and when only four ships were afloat, Mr. Cunard had not only all his available means locked up in the line, but was so deeply involved, financially, that it was feared the line would be a hopeless failure. Friends who had before placed confidence in his judgment shook their heads doubtingly, and the banks, some of which he had exercised a controlling influence over a short time before, closed their vaults to him. More than that, importuning creditors, English as well as colonial, began to press their claims, and even resort to the courts for their collection.

Mr. Cunard proceeded to England, to meet his friends as well as his creditors, make a statement of his affairs, and ask for time. He met, however, with slender encouragement. In short several of his creditors took measures for his arrest for debt; this so disheartened him that he determined to elude the sheriff, who entered the agent's office by one door as Mr. Cunard, in the garb of a sailor, passed out of another, and that night

sailed for Halifax on one of his own steamers. He knew that if he allowed himself to be arrested it would get noised abroad, increase his difficulties, and perhaps destroy the line. The only alternative was to place his business in the hands of friends who still had faith in the ultimate success of the enterprise.

There were large minds in Parliament at that day. The small minds and dry rot on the matter referred to were confined to the fine old Admirals of the "British Board of Admiralty." Parliament came promptly and generously forward, and rescued the Cunard line from pending destruction, saved it to the country and commerce, but it could not relieve Mr. Cunard of his financial troubles. This prompt action of Parliament afforded another proof of the care with which England nurtures and protects her commerce, and forecasts the results. We all know and appreciate what the Cunard line has done for England and her commerce. Its success has prompted other Governments to encourage and build up similar enterprises, until we have not less than fourteen lines of ocean steamers sailing between New York and European ports, all doing a profitable business; but not one of them carrying the American flag.

Collins was not unlike Samuel Cunard. In energy and enterprise he was his equal; in forecast, his superior; both were busy, bustling men, generous-hearted, open-handed, and progressive in advance of their time. Collins had successfully established a line of packet ships, famous for their beauty and speed. But he saw very clearly that the days of packet ships were passing away, and that the steady advances England was making in

establishing and maintaining her steamship lines must secure to her the commerce and carrying trade of the ocean unless proper measures were taken to secure our rightful share of it. All our previous attempts to establish steamship lines on the ocean had ended in failure. The Hermann, the Franklin, the Washington, the Humboldt and other ships, had ended their short career in disaster. We were at fault everywhere. There was no unity of design or action between the ship-builder and the engineer. The hulls of these ships were a clumsy conglomeration of lines; the whole being unsightly and defective. The engines were even worse, and more defective than the hulls. They were crude in design, of insufficient power; and a proof that marine-engine building was in its infancy in this country, and that our engineers had not grasped the true secret of their profession. It, indeed, looked as if both ship-builder and engineer regarded it as of much more importance to speculate on theories and experiments, one independent of the other, than to adopt well-tested improvements, as the English and Scotch were doing.

Mr. Collins made a commendable effort to profit by these errors and give the country something that would successfully compete with the Cunard line. His friends came generously forward, and New York merchants, with that public spirit which has always characterized them, aided him cheerfully, and the result was four of the most magnificent steamships afloat at that time. Their defects were confined to their engines; but from the very outset Mr. Collins found himself hampered by Congress. What it did for him one year it would undo the

next. Its vacillating and uncertain action was more damaging than all else. When he wanted the ear and action of Congress most, he could only reach it through a cordon of hungry lobbyists, whose pockets he had to fill with gold. Congress, too, in its short-sighted legislation, insisted on giving the ships a divided command: that is, they must have both a naval and a civilian captain, the former to look after the interests of the Government and make himself disagreeable generally. These Navy captains, as they were called, were generally young, airy, and inexperienced lieutenants, who differed with the civilian captain in everything, even to the attention they should pay to lady passengers, and claimed a prerogative in view of rank. Few of them had any sympathy with the enterprise, or felt any pride in their own position. We remember one of these naval heroes who was so much given to the "lady part" of his duties, and so little to the navigation of the ship, that he found himself inside of Cape Cod, when his destination was New York. In fine, your gold-embroidered naval captain was an impediment it was found necessary to get rid of.

When the day of trouble to the Collins line came, and when wise and generous action on the part of Congress was needed most, Congress not only withdrew its parsimonious aid, but virtually abandoned it. Congress did not even deal justly by the line, for it withheld money due and honestly earned for carrying the mail. To our discredit as a nation, the Collins line went down. It is idle to talk about bad and extravagant management; of the loss of the Arctic and Pacific; and the ruin of

the Adriatic through Mr. Engineer Allen, and his plug valve. Englishmen did not get alarmed and abandon the Cunard line, because through error of judgment the Columbia was lost, and two or more of their ships were run ashore on the coast of Newfoundland. The most extensive line of steamships established by Englishmen, magnificent in all its surroundings, was the West India and South American. Its early history was conspicuous for disasters and inefficient management. We believe we are right in stating that the company lost either six or seven of its fine ships in less than three years. Still Parliament did not abandon the line, nor did Englishmen get alarmed at their losses. The company brought a different and more experienced class of captains into their service, and in the end succeeded. That line is to-day carrying to England a large portion of the trade which several years ago Boston, New York and Baltimore enjoyed. So much for what our short-sighted policy has done to diminish our commerce.

We might also order with feelings of pride to the splendid line British of steamers established by Mr. Wainwright, on the Pacific, between Panama, Callao, Valparaiso, and other ports. This line is to-day one of the most successful afloat. Wainwright was an American, who, after making several unsuccessful attempts to enlist our Government and our capitalists in his enterprise, proceeded to London, and found both Englishmen and the English Government ready to aid him.

And now, after a lapse of more than thirty years of experiment and failure in ocean steamships, we have a number of High Old Salts of the American Navy,

with Admiral Porter at their head, muddling the brains and confounding the minds of a Committee of Congress by advocating what has long since been discarded by other nations as worthless. Not content with this, they increase the confusion by opposing the very inventions the foremost nations of Europe have tested and adopted, being alike safe and economical, as well as the best calculated to ensure success. Their testimony, so derogatory to the compound engine, is the most forcible example of this. They told the Committee with charming simplicity, and the Committee, with refreshing credulity, believed all they said, that the compound engine was an entirely new thing, an experiment, and very dangerous. Let us see what really are the facts:

"It is no new thing for this Bureau to be tried by the opinions and prejudices of its enemies rather than by a just comparison of facts," says Engineer-in-Chief Wood. * * * "The compound engine which is now used extensively, but by no means exclusively, in our navy, was not a new thing when we began to build them. The firm of John Elder & Co., the famous engine builders, began their manufacture in 1854; and up to 1871, had put them in one hundred and seven (107) ships."

Admiral Porter, and other High Old Salts, whose fears have been excited at the thought of being exploded by one of these compound machines, would do well to make a note of this. We are indebted to Engineer-in-Chief Wood for a copy of a report made by the Lords of the British Admiralty, to Parliament, in 1872; and in which the merits of this "very dangerous invention" are very clearly discussed. We will make a

few extracts from it, for the especial benefit of Admiral Porter and other first-class grumblers. On page eleven, the Lords of the British Admiralty say:

"Its use has become very general in the mercantile marine, and the weight of evidence in favor of the large economy of fuel thereby gained, is to our minds overwhelming and conclusive. * * * We beg, therefore, to recommend that the use of compound engines may be generally adapted in ships of war hereafter to be constructed, and applied whenever it can be done with due regard to economy and to the convenience of the service to those already built."

The above, it must remembered, is the opinion of a Board of High Old British Admirals, certain malicious writers will insist is seriously afflicted with dry rot. On page 14, same report, we find that William Pierce, Esq., one of the firm of John Elder & Co., says:

"I prefer compound engines. Their extra weight, when engines and boilers are taken together, is inconsiderable; but the saving of fuel is 50 per cent. They require no more space, and can be equally well protected."

Again he says, page 17:

"There is certainly a great advantage in using them."

E. J. Reed, Esq., late Chief Constructor of the Royal Navy testifies, (same report:)

"Compound engines are more economical than the old type."

On page 19, Vice Admiral Sir Robert Spencer Robinson, late Controller of the Navy, says:

"Compound engines have been lately tried which use only 1.3 lbs. of coal per indicated horse power per hour, against 3.5 lbs. used by ordinary engines. I intended before leaving

office to recommend their general adoption, and trust that course will be taken."

On page 225, Ravenhill, Hudson & Co., famous engine builders, state:

"The difference in the consumption of fuel between the best known type of compound engine, carrying sixty pounds pressure, and the ordinary form of surface condensing engine of the best type used in the British Navy, is stated to be, from the results of experiments, 20 per cent."

The Laird Brothers, so well known as the builders of rebel cruisers, say, on page 226:

"Our opinion is that the difference in the consumption of fuel in the *latest form of compound engines*, such as made by us for H. M. ship *Briton*, and the ordinary form of surface condensing engines used in the British Navy is in proportion of 2: 3.5."

On page 227, P. Denney, Esq., says:

"The difference in consumption of fuel, per indicated horse power, may be assumed as 2 lbs. for the compound against 3 lbs. for the ordinary form of engines."

On page 228, Humphreys, Tennant & Co., say:

"H. M. ship Monarch, (simple engine,) 2.7 lbs. of coal per I. P. per H., and H. M. ship Tenedore, (compound engines) 2.3 lbs. of coal per I. P."

We have Mr. Elder again, on page 229:

"From our knowledge of such engines as are used in the merchant service we consider that the consumption of fuel between the best type of compound engines, and the best type of ordinary surface condensing engines is in favor of the former in proportion of two to three."

These extracts are enough for all practical purposes,

and with men disposed to be convinced of their errors should settle the question. The fact that so conservative and well-managed a line as the Cunard, which employs the best engineering talent, and adapts only what has been thoroughly tested should replace its old type of engine with the compound, would remove any doubts we might have as to the value of its merits.

LETTER No. 6.

We will preface these few concluding remarks, as the preachers put it, by saying that fine old admirals, with sixteen thousand dollars a year pay, nothing to do, and no end to prize money to ensure patriotism and sustain dignity, were luxuries neither contemplated or provided for by the simple-minded fathers of the Republic. They are costly ornaments bequeathed to us by a civil war and the Republican party. The admirals, however, are a reality; and we must make the best we can of them, whether it be for the nation's amusement or instruction. But we do not like to have it said of us that we are the most servile of imitators; that if we do not bow before crowns we are expert copyists of rank.

We must take good care of our Admiral, and make him happy—if we can. When a school-boy, a full-feathered and fierce old admiral was an object we regarded with fear and trembling. We have got over that; and indeed come to regard admirals as common mortals. Our recollection of our present Great American Admiral extends back more than a quarter of a century. He was

PLAIN CAPTAIN DAVID

then, and commanded the steamer Georgia, of the Sloo line. He was our admiration then, as he is our admiration now. In return for this, he has afforded us no end of amusement. Even then, his mind was of a breezy turn, and his hands given to the use of foolscap. We have known him engage in the business of manufacturing storms with himself as the centre—of blowing. We

do not mean to say by this that, like some of our great generals, he was given to blowing his own trumpet. That was an accomplishment Captain David deserved credit for. Sloo's ships were famous for poor seamanship and the amount of gold embroidery their officers wore. The company was under contract with the Government to carry the mails between New York and Aspinwall, and to touch at Charleston, Savannah, and Havana, to deliver and receive mails and passengers. At Charleston and Savannah they were to come inside the bars, meet tugs or small steamers sent down to meet them, the object being to make the exchange in smooth water. Other captains of the line complied cheerfully, and discharged the duty satisfactorily. Captain David was nearly always in a state of rebellion; now with the company, now with the Government, then with the passengers. Rebellion was his normal condition. Those ugly-looking bars, with the breaking, seething waters, used to distress Captain David. Now there would not be water enough for him to sound his way over—then the sea would run too high to make the attempt to cross entirely safe.

We may say truly that Captain David was nearly always in a dilemma. Then he had a mild-mannered but very wicked way of dumping, outside of the bar, his passengers and mails into fishing-smacks or any sort of craft he could come within hailing distance of, and leave them to make the rest of the voyage in their own way. Of course he would take care of Captain David, and they must take care of themselves. Outgoing passengers and mails must wait for the next ship. Captain David did'nt care.

This style of subjecting passengers to suffering and danger, so peculiar to Captain David, was not stipulated for in the contract, and became a subject of complaint and remonstrance. It was a mild-mannered way Captain David had of letting ordinary people know he would do as he d—d pleased.

Well, we lost sight of our breezy mariner for several years, and began to cast about for some one to admire. Good old Baron Munchausen, the companion of our youth, was no longer available. Don Quixote had amused and instructed us, and, indeed, shown us what a true Christian could do for his fellow mortals. Our long since departed and much lamented friend General Quattlebaum (he of South Carolina) no longer plagued us with his regiment of fire-eaters, every man with a coffin on his back, nor threatened to hang us to a palmetto tree because we spelled the last syllable of his name without an a. With all these illustrious characters passed away, and no longer available, what were we to do?

We had passed suddenly from peace and all its blessings into a great civil war and all its horrors—from commodores to High Old Admirals. We waked up one calm autumn morning in October, 1862, to find our breezy and long-lost acquaintance the terror of the Mississippi, in command at Mound City, and transformed into a full-feathered admiral, with buttons to correspond. Yes, he was in all his glory and making things lively at

MOUND CITY.

He was the United States, Mound City, the Navy, Secretary of the Navy, and Board of Admiralty—all rolled

into one. He was a terror to rebels, and always kept his patriotism at high pressure; and his name and fame resounded over the valley where the great Mississippi rolls. Indeed, he rarely sipped his coffee of a morning without counting on the tips of his fingers the number of rebels he would send to their long homes before sunset. We congratulated ourselves on the Admiral's consolidation at Mound City; that he had the Treasury of the United States in his locker, and was under full sail. He was the only man in the country who knew all about a gunboat, and also how a first-class fighting navy could be got up. He told us just to wait a little while and he would show us a fleet of gunboats, iron and tin clad, that would astonish us. So we waited patiently and looked forward for something that would take the shine out of your ocean navy.

The Admiral was right. He did astonish us with a fleet of ten or a dozen of the oddest-looking water craft ever seen on the Mississippi or any other river. It required rare and original genius to invent anything so grotesque. That ancient mariner, Noah, was not a recognized shipbuilder, but his ark was a beauty of model compared with these. Shi Ho Am Ti, the first emperor of China, invented and caused the first junk to be built and sent to Foo Choo. If we err, General Sherman, who has both Antediluvian and Mongolian history at his tongue's end, can correct us. It at once occurred to us that the Admiral had been studying Mullett as an architect, and Noah and Shi Ho Am Ti as shipbuilders. We say this because nearly all the Admiral's gunboats were Mansard-roofed, while their hulls were a compro-

mise between the ark and junk. Some of them were lean in the centre and big at both ends. You couldn't tell which end was bow and which stern. In short, they were a good deal like Irving's galiot, and would go ahead one way just as well as another. There was a craft, too, of the Admiral's gunboat order, that looked like a bateau, with an elongated bake oven on her deck. We were to have, the Admiral intimated, some fierce naval engagements between the rebels and these gunboats, something in the way of warfare that would make our very hair stand.

It was about this time that we discovered, as did Mr. Secretary Welles, that the Admiral was a great

PRACTICAL JOKER.

We say joker, because our good Grandfather Welles discovered the Admiral, almost daily, making him the victim of a series of jokes that would end in costing the Government millions of dollars. These jokes came in the shape of requisitions, and came so fast that Grandfather Welles held up his hands in despair and proclaimed Admiral D. D. Porter the most costly luxury the Government had ever been compelled to indulge in. It was all for Mound City and the Admiral's nondescript inland navy, to be spent by the Admiral pretty much as he d——d please; and had we not the Admiral's word for it that he was a severe economist? There was a time when it looked as if the Treasury of the United States would have to be drained to keep Mound City and Admiral Porter supplied with funds; but, then, this Mound City business was a huge joke.

The Admiral asks us to accept him as an economist,

and yet we venture to assert that nowhere in the history of our Navy can another case be found in which so much money in so short a space of time was spent or squandered, and with such poverty of result, as was done at Mound City, under the administration of the Admiral. But, then, it was all a joke, cracked at Grandfather Welles' expense.

On February 1st, 1863, we have the Admiral afloat again, and in the roll of a modern Christian statesman. He is on the Yazoo river, and orders Colonel Ellett to proceed to Vicksburg, and destroy a rebel steamer. It occurred to us at the time that this was a very remarkable order coming from an officer whose Government held that the war should be carried on after the manner of Christians. Listen to what the Admiral says, but save your blushes: "It will not be part of your duty to save the lives of those on board. They must look out for themselves; and may think themselves lucky if they do not meet the same fate meted out to the Harriett Lane." * * * He tells him, also, to "shout 'Harriet Lane' into the ears of the rebels," as they are going down. There is something exquisitely fiendish about this. To tell the honest truth he ordered Ellett to copy the very bad example set by some of our missionary-eating brothers of the Fiji Islands.

And then, here is where the finer touches of his humanity are displayed: "If you can fire turpentine balls (the Chinee comes in here) from your bow field-pieces, into the light upper works, it will make a fine finish to the sinking part." That was virtually telling the brave Ellett that if he could not finish his vic-

tims by drowning he could roast them to death with blazing turpentine balls. We are charitable enough to believe that the Admiral intended this only as a joke; that under the better promptings of his head and heart he would prefer filling the stomachs of his prisoners with duff and pea soup to roasting them to death with turpentine balls. Your Chinaman would have caught his enemy first, and then crammed the turpentine ball down his throat.

LETTER No. 7.

Our voyage has been much longer than we intended at the outset, and we find ourself drifted into the Red River Expedition, where we find the Navy and Admiral Porter, both extensively illuminated. Illuminating himself is a weakness with the Admiral.

The true history of our military and naval expedition into the Red River country, whenever written, will make very interesting reading, though it will undoubtedly develop many things not flattering to our military or political morality. That expedition was essentially a cotton-picking and cotton-stealing enterprise, conceived by cunning and characterless speculators at Washington, and adopted by the Government under a sentimental and mistaken notion of duty. The first grave mistake made was in appointing General Banks to command the expedition. Banks was not skilled in the arts of accumulation. Butler was in every way suited to the business; and it was a great oversight in the Government not to have given him the command. With Admiral Porter in command of the Navy and Butler the army those two hundred thousand bales of cotton, we were told by the cunning speculators at Washington, the rebels had scattered around loose over that country, and out of which millions of dollars could be manipulated, would have come to the front as if by some magic influence, and would also have been labeled for prize money. It would not have mattered with these lively accumulators of cotton that we were making war on our

own people, or that the booty they got possession of was private property. Prize money was the bane of the Navy, the great impelling motive with the Admiral, and the great medium of demoralization with the army. Indeed, this expedition showed to what base uses the Army and Navy of the United States could be put. That soldiers like Franklin and Emory, men who retained some pride in their profession, became disgusted with the enterprise and desired to withdraw from it, is not surprising. There was nothing for the honest soldier to do.

Banks was not to blame for the disgraceful failure. No general was ever placed in such an anomalous or embarrassing position. He had—

> Cotton thieves in the front of him,
> Cotton thieves in the rear of him,
> Cotton thieves on the right of him,
> Cotton thieves on the left of him,
> Growling and scheming.

If he got the best of the cotton thieves one day he was sure to find himself surrounded by military difficulties the next. It is true, Mr. Lincoln, in his innocence, sent Banks to command the army when the field was exactly suited to Butler's genius. Banks, it was true, was in command, but had little or no control over his forces. One of his generals reported to Grant, another to Sherman, and still another to the Secretary of War, or, if more convenient, to Mr. Lincoln. An entirely new method of enforcing discipline had been adopted, which brought joy to the hearts of the cotton thieves.

General Steel, who had a single eye to business, snapped his fingers at Banks, marched into another part of

the country with his command, and went somewhat extensively into the business of accumulating cotton on his own account. The gushing Porter had been ordered to co-operate with Banks, but would not do anything of the kind. The idea of so breezy an Admiral taking advice on nautical affairs from an army officer, was to him supremely ridiculous. He would as soon think of telling all he knew before a Committee of Congress. According to our fine old Admiral, the Navy didn't care a d——d for the Army. And if we may credit all that has been written and said on the subject, there was no love lost on either side.

Here the mercurial Sherman appears; and, as if to make confusion more confused, ordered General Andrew Jackson Smith, who was kindly disposed towards Banks, and had previously supported him cheerfully, to "*report, not to Banks, but Admiral D. D. Porter, the fast friend of the Army of the Tennessee.*" O! Sherman. But then it was just like Sherman. The absurdity would have done credit to Don Quixote. The only wonder is that Sherman, in one of his capricious moods, had not told the gushing Porter, the "fast friend of the Army of the Tennessee," to assume command of both Army and Navy; and as a climax to the absurdity, ordered Banks to report to him. But how General Andrew Jackson Smith (on shore) was to report his military achievements to an admiral afloat, who didn't want advice on "nautical affairs" from military men, and who had gone several hundred miles up the river beyond reach of the army—where not even his own trumpet could be heard—General Sherman does not tell us. Banks soon learned to his

cost that rebels and cotton thieves were not the only enemies he would have to fight. West Point, and the Annapolis Academy were equally formidable, and even less reasoning.

It soon became apparent, too, that the rebels were not disposed either to be whipped without a struggle, or have their cotton taken from them by force. The Army, or rather General Banks, then proposed to do the square thing by them. He proposed a sort of truck-and-dicker arrangement, by which a penny would be turned on both sides. That is, the enemy, or rebel, was to bring his cotton, sugar, and molasses, into our camp, in a Christian-like way, and we would hold it for him in trust, or sell it for him on commission. Nothing could be fairer in a trade, Brother Jonathan said. He wanted to oblige them, anyhow; and if it was not satisfactory we would swap commodities, they giving us cotton, sugar, and molasses, and we giving them tea, coffee, calicoes, and prayer books. If they were very hard up we would throw in a few greenbacks. The arrangement was not strictly in accordance with the common usages of war, but there was a heap of humanity in it, and it began working satisfactorily.

Just as we were beginning to smoke the pipe of peace with our erring brothers; just as they were bringing in their commodities to exchange with us, on a satisfactory basis, our breezy Admiral interposed an obstacle that put an end to it, and made enemies of men disposed to be friendly. Hoisting his flag and snapping his fingers at the army, the Admiral, with his fleet of iron-clads, proceeded up the river, and began accumulating cotton

indiscriminately. His sailors were sometimes sent miles inland to bring off bales the army had really captured. This so exasperated the enemy that he began destroying his cotton rather than have it taken away from him in such a mild-mannered way and made subject of prize to the Navy.

We have frequently heard innocent persons ask what could have prompted so experienced an Admiral to imperil his fleet by taking it nearly five hundred miles up a narrow, tortuous, and treacherous river, full of snags, stumps, falls, shoals, and ledges? The answer may be found in the impelling force of prize money made from cotton. The cotton speculators told him there was a paradise filled with cotton bales at the head of that treacherous stream, and the Admiral resolved to explore that paradise if he lost his fleet. How near he came losing that fleet we all know. We also know how plaintively he called upon the army he had only a few weeks before refused to co-operate with, to save him. But the Admiral got the cotton, and held on to it.

QUESTION OF VERACITY.

In this connection General Banks says, with much force of reasoning:

"Had it been left to my discretion I should have reluctantly undertaken, in a campaign requiring but eight or ten light-draught gunboats, to force twenty heavy iron-clads 490 miles up a river proverbially as treacherous as the rebels who defended it, and which had given notice of its character by steadily falling when, as the Admiral admits, all other rivers were booming."

Booming is good. But if the indignant general had thoroughly understood the attractive force of prize money he would not have made this severe charge against our venerable Admiral's judgment as a navigator. And just here let us say that we regard it as very unkind of General Banks to be continually putting the Admiral's veracity in question. Here are one or two specimens of the way he does it:

"Admiral Porter says, that 'All my vessels navigated the river to Grand Ecore with ease, and with some of them I reached Springfield Landing, the place designated to meet the army. * * * My part was successfully accomplished; the failure of the army to proceed, and the retreat to Grand Ecore, left me almost at the mercy of the enemy.' The records of the campaign do not at all support the reckless and fiery ardor of this statement. The fleet did not reach the 'place appointed' until two full days after the first decisive battle with the enemy."

This is a case where the Admiral's account of the "rebellion," which he has solemnly promised to write for the especial benefit of the future historian, and which we have been waiting for with nervous anxiety, would be a little off color. Banks proceeds:

"The Admiral occupied four days in moving one hundred and four miles, on what he calls 'a rising river,' with 'good water,' to the place appointed. General T. Kirby Smith states that the fleet made twenty miles on the 7th, fifty-seven miles on the 8th, eighteen miles on the 9th, and nine miles on the 10th of April."

It is evident from this that the Admiral was for once afraid of his steam, and moved under a very low pres-

sure. Banks should have known that sailors have treacherous memories, as well as nimble tongues, with which they so featly spin their yarns. He should, in all kindness, have taken a more charitable view of the Admiral's mistake, knowing, as every officer of the Navy (including the Marines) does, that he would not knowingly tell an untruth.

Again, the indignant Banks says:

"I feel it to be a solemn duty to say, in this official and formal manner, that Admiral Porter's published official statements relating to the Red River campaign are at variance with the truth, of which there are many thousand living witnesses, *and do foul injustice* [the italics are ours] to the officers and soldiers of the army, living and dead, to whom the Navy Department owes exclusively the honor and preservation of its fleet."

SLANDEROUS STORIES—AND PICTURES.

This is strong language, and should it chance to meet the eye of that future historian for whose guide the venerable Admiral promises to write his book, there is small doubt as to what category he will place the Admiral in as an authority. The question has been asked, "What was the Admiral doing these four long days?" Malicious persons have answered it by charging that he was prospecting for cotton, with millions of prize money in perspective. There is no accounting for what malicious people will say in war times. That picture of the Admiral, in all his gold embroidery and feathers, following close at the heels of the Army, with a marking pot and brush in his hand, and attaching the Navy's symbol to all the cotton and sugar captured by the army,

and claiming it as subject of prize, was very likely an offspring of the same malicious source. Another malicious wit, disappointed because he was not permitted to go beyond our lines and steal cotton, drew a picture of the Admiral, twelve miles away from the river, driving his own six-mule team, laden with cotton bales, and followed by a troop of mounted sailors, with that ancient weapon, the cutlass, drawn. We can, in all sincerity, assure our readers that that picture was a freak of the imagination and nothing more. The idea of Admiral Porter mounting his sailors is too absurd for thoughtful consideration. Of the same kind, and from the same source, came the story that our versatile and venerable Admiral had pocketed over a million of dollars of prize money made from cotton which really had been captured by the Army and belonged to the Government.

As long as prize laws are on the statute books we do not object to any amount of prize money the Admiral may make legitimately; but we would suggest that when the pursuit of it puts his fleet in peril, brings the honor of his Government in question, subjects his profession to unfavorable criticism, and demoralizes his command, the law of prize to any one branch of the service may safely be repealed.

It has several times occurred to us while reading the accounts of that remarkable expedition on the Red River, and more particularly the part our Navy took in it, that our venerable Admiral had been a careful reader of a book entitled "The Sailors of England under the Tudors," wherein the naval exploits of that lively old British mariner, Drake, are graphically described.

The most fascinating part of that book is where Drake's little accumulating exploits along the "Spanish Main" are pictured. Drake's exploits on the "Spanish Main," and Porter's exploits on the Red River, are alike and unlike. Financially they are alike. Morally, and politically they are unlike. Spain was at peace with England at that time; and yet Drake, always taking the responsibility for failure or success, made war on Spain's colonies. Porter made war on our own people, carried away their property, and whatever he failed in, wanted to shift the responsibility on some one else. Drake was true to his sovereign, and an admirer of kings and queens—queens especially. Porter, our venerable Admiral, was truly loyal, and a great Republican. Drake sailed into the monasteries, convents, and cathedrals, captured and carried off their sacred images, made of gold and silver, and had them smelted into money, and all in contempt of the law of nations. But Drake regarded as sacred the property of his own countrymen residing in the field of his depredations. In a word, he never made war on his own countrymen. It was to his credit, buchaneer as he was, that he protected them wherever he found them. The most remarkable trait of his character was his intense love of his own countrymen, and his detestation of foreigners—Spaniards particularly. If Admiral Porter had any love, it was for himself alone. He was a great Republican, truly loyal, and, what is more, truly selfish. He made war, not on foreigners, but on Americans like himself, and he invaded their homes, and carried away their property, as if they had no rights he was bound to

respect. The bold Drake was a generous old salt who, having despoiled churches and monasteries and displayed criminal contempt for the mother church, carried his plunder to England, and divided it with the good Elizabeth. That was the way he obtained forgiveness for his crimes, was received into the church militant, and took a high seat for himself and his descendants among the heroes of the realm. Our High Old Admiral took his Red River accumulations into the prize court, and we never heard of his sharing them with the good Lincoln, or any one else.

LETTER No. 18.

The great sensational feature of the naval history of the Red River expedition was the number of fierce naval engagements fought by Admiral Porter's fleet. According to the Admiral, there was nothing in history to compare with them. The glowing accounts of them sent by the Admiral so astonished and delighted Grandfather Welles that, for a time at least, he would have sworn by his beard that we had not only a fighting Navy, but an Admiral who knew how to fight it. He could not be mistaken, he thought, and yet it occurred to him one morning, after rubbing his spectacles and scanning over two or three, or perhaps a dozen, of the Admiral's glowing dispatches, that a stream of the character of the Red River would not afford room for a great naval engagement, and that a naval engagement between infantry on shore and iron-clads afloat could not be very bloody. In short, he very soon found that these desperate naval engagements, when viewed in the light of truth, dwindled down into very harmless affairs—except to the people, whose cotton the Admiral had begun to accumulate.

One of the fiercest of these naval engagements, so it is stated, was fought for two long hours, and in a thick fog. Marry, but when the fog lifted it was found that the fleet had been expending its valor and its ammunition on a steep clay bluff, the summit of which was crowned with a clump of scraggy trees, which the Admiral had mistaken for the "enemy in force." The

Admiral also mistook the echo of his own guns for the enemy's firing, and answered gun for gun. We do not vouch for the truth of this story, but give it for what it is worth, as Cervantes did the story of Don Quixote's fight with the windmill, to which it bears some resemblance.

We remember to have seen a very sensible order issued by an officer in command of one of the Admiral's gunboats, deprecating the great waste of ammunition, and enjoining that hereafter the gunners must fire only when they saw the enemy. This very sensible order was not intended as a reflection on the Admiral, who was continually seeing the enemy in force, and engaging him in battle. On several occasions, however, it turned out that the "enemy in force" consisted of a few old men and boys, armed with rifles and shot guns, who had come to seek revenge of the Admiral for accumulating their cotton. Once the Admiral met a general "in force," (Green by name,) and in the combat shot his head off. It was in view of that remarkable event that he congratulated his sailors on the fact that a headless general would be of no further use to the rebels.

We will now put Captain R. R. Breeze, a very reliable witness, on the stand, and hear what he has to say, under oath, in relation to our charge that the Red River expedition was essentially a cotton-stealing enterprise:

* * * "The next morning the whole fleet proceeded up to Alexandria. On arriving there they [the fleet] seized a quantity of cotton, bagging, roping, and some sugar and molasses that was found in Confederate storehouses. There was a great deal of cotton found on the banks of the river as we were going up, and a portion of that was seized by the gunboats."

Here we get at the secret of the delay referred to by Banks:

"As we proceeded up the river, large quantities of cotton were found, which I was informed was marked 'C. S. A.' That was taken and put in some empty coal barges that we had with us, or rather some barges were discharged of their coal, and loaded with cotton."

The captain might have added that it was sent up to Cairo as subject of prize to the Navy.

He continues:

"After our arrival, the Admiral received information from persons in Alexandria that there were quantities of cotton along the river at different points which was very accessible. Generally, and always, so far as I know, the information was that it belonged to the Confederate Government or to persons who were noted rebels—either themselves or the male members of their families in the rebel army. The Admiral sent vessels and secured all that lay along the banks of the river. * * * They took some mules from a Mrs. Wilson there. She loaned them to the Admiral, who promised to return them as soon as he got through with them, and did so—mules and horses. * * * I never went on any of these expeditions, but am quite sure none ever went over four miles."

Banks says twelve. It was very kind of the Admiral to return to the poor woman her mules and horses, instead of making them subject of prize to the Navy.

After saying that the Admiral, who had been up the river prospecting for cotton, again headed up the river, while he, with the flag ship, was ordered to head down, Captain Breeze proceeds:

"There was quite a number of speculators there. How they got there I do not know." He saw a great deal of cotton "being

brought in in army wagons. * * * A number of them came to me and asked me if I would not seize their cotton in the name of the Navy. I told them I could not do it. They said they had 200 or 300 bales scattered about in different directions, and urged me to seize it in the name of the Navy, and let it be carried to Cairo, as prize cotton, and go before the courts. If they could prove their claim to it well and good; if not, then the Navy would have it."

Cotton was King, over that army at least.

One of these cotton speculators was a Mr. Sells, of St. Louis; another was a Mr. Butler, where from not stated, very likely a relative of the redoubtable Ben. Then there was Yates, the truly loyal Governor of Illinois at one time. He came up on a steamer with a number of friends.

"They had an order [Sells and Butler had] from the President directing all persons in authority, military or naval, to grant them all the facilities in going where they pleased, mentioning particularly the Red river, and about there. * * * Governor Yates' party had wanted to come up before General Banks had come up."

There was something very original about this mode of carrying on a war. Captain Breeze continues:

"These speculators said they could purchase cotton all about Alexandria, and they asked me if I would seize it after they had purchased, and claim it as prize to the Navy."

An ingenious way of getting free transportation for their plunder, to say nothing of putting the Navy to such use.

"In that way it would be got out of the clutches of General Banks, they said, and would be transported north to Cairo, go before the prize court of Illinois, [a somewhat soft court,] where they could present their claims of ownership and obtain

the cotton. The object of Governor Yates' party, as I understood it from these speculators, was to purchase cotton to promote the interest of General Banks as the compromise candidate for President. I heard this from a dozen different persons."

With all due respect for Captain Beeeze's judgment, we must say that this story would be well enough to tell to the marines, but it is too absurd for serious consideration among sensible people. We have known General Banks too long to believe for a moment that he would lend himself to such a silly scheme.

Sells and Butler were not the only cotton speculators. There was Casey & Co. and a Mr. Halliday, very likely a brother of Ben Halliday. We are not told whether this Casey is the famous brother-in-law of President Grant, and the political genius who has figured so extensively in New Orleans; but it is quite clear that Halliday was a particular friend of Admiral Porter and the Navy generally. As no great stealing enterprise can be skillfully manipulated without that modern invention, the ring, these speculators soon had two rings formed. There was the Sells ring and the Casey and Butler ring, to which Admiral Porter's particular friend Halliday was attached —in other words, there was a ring congenial to the Army and a ring congenial to the Navy, which kept an eye to windward when cotton bales were sighted.

The first, if not the most important, business of these rings was the circulation of gross slanders, one aiming at the generals of the Army, the other at the officers of the Navy. Then they abused each other like drabs. The ring congenial to the Navy would accuse Banks and his

quartermaster, Holabird, of stealing all the cotton found inland, and applying the proceeds to their own use. There were sensible persons innocent enough to believe those stories. Now it was the "Army ring's" turn, and Porter and his officers would be charged with making a clean steal of all the cotton they could lay their hands on, and claiming it as prize to the Navy. That was a very aggravating way of putting it. Singular as it may seem, newspapers, far away from the scene of plunder, took sides with these scamps.

We are told that nothing demoralizes human nature so much as cupidity. Here we had convincing proof of it. Speaking of this man Sells, Captain Breeze says:

"Sells was in opposition to everybody; he was there just to get cotton; he is one of those men who do not care how they get cotton, or over whose back they ride to get it. I suppose his object was just to get cotton."

He was not alone in that; and hadn't he and Butler and Halliday permits from the President to go in and buy cotton, if they could; but steal it if they must? Better men than Sells appear to have been moved by no higher motive in this cotton business.

The captain tells us there was a clergyman who used to "ask me to take his cotton. He seemed to be thoroughly posted up in the matter." Our short army experience made us suspicious when we saw a clergyman's name associated with cotton, molasses, mules, or cattle of any kind, so many of our chaplains turned sutlers during the war; and when they did, they were such thieves.

Some of these cotton-speculators had trusted in Providence and the benevolence of Admiral Porter, and complained bitterly that neither had done the square thing with them. Listen again to Captain Breeze:

"They said it was very hard indeed that Admiral Porter would grant permits to some to go up, and not to others. They talked so much about it, and read remarks in the newspapers, and things of that kind, that Mr Halliday, who was a friend of the Admiral's, showed them this order. [Order from the President.] That was the way it got out that there was such an order in existence."

It does not seem to have occurred to these disappointed speculators that Admiral Porter was human, and having taken care of himself first, must next take care of his friends. They indeed overlooked the fact that the Admiral was acting in obedience to the example set by our illustrious President, who not only takes care of all his friends, but all his family.

"I heard nothing but cotton hardly for the four months I was there. If this Mr. Sells would tell all he knew, he could tell the whole story of it." [ ] "They were all pitching into General Banks for the part he and his quartermaster had taken in the business, but I did not pay much attention to what they said, for they were very unscrupulous men."

Some of the officers of the army tell a very amusing story of how the Admiral got ahead of some very hungry speculators who had been casting longing glances at 2,500 bales of cotton up the Washita river. The Admiral sent one of his gunboats up that stream, and captured the cotton on his own account.

EXCITING NEWS ABOUT COTTON.

A RICH BONANZA DISCOVERED.

THE ADMIRAL TAKES BEARINGS.

November 24th, 1863, Commander James A. Greer reports to Admiral Porter:

"I have the honor to inform you that the Forest Rose has now returned to this district, and is now guarding from Grand Gulf to St. Joseph's. I have been informed by the commanding officer of the Pittsburg that a citizen told him of about 12,000 [millions in it] bales of C. S. A. cotton within from twelve to twenty-five miles of Grand Gulf, in different lots."

More Cotton.—Commodore E. K. Owen reports to Admiral Porter, February 16th, 1864:

"We have succeeded so far in gathering about 150 bales of cotton, of which eighty are in the gunboats and the rest on the transports. Fifty-three bales are all of the C. S. A. that we have captured; though but very little, if any, is marked at all."

LIST OF GREAT NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS ACCORDING TO ADMIRAL PORTER.

That the reader may not be misled by anything we have said in previous letters, we give below an accurate and carefully prepared list of the "Great Naval Engagements" fought by Admiral Porter's fleet on the Red and other rivers, together with the material result of each victory.

Desperate Naval Engagement No. 1 was fought some time in February, 1864. Admiral Porter reports to Mr. Welles, (26th:)

I am in receipt of a communication from Lieutenant Commander S[illegible], of the Conestoga, giving an account of a gallant [illegible] in which he landed 15 men, and captured a quantity of cotton, &c., &c.

Material result of victory No. 1: No bloodshed. Thirty-two bales of cotton, a rebel, twenty mules, two horses, six old wagons, and two shot-guns, all subjects of prize.

Desperate Naval Engagement No. 2 must have been fought about March 3d, and must have been closely and fiercely contested, for Commander Ramsey informs us of what he did, after this fashion:

"On our arrival at Harrisonburg I landed with the White, and set fire to some of the largest houses in the town." [!!!]

He reports this to Admiral Porter, and seems to have regarded so barbarous an act as covering him with glory enough for one day.

"While the houses were being fired a body of cavalry and infantry was seen coming up a ravine." [!!!]

He made rapid time in getting aboard his gunboat, and going to Trinity. The material result of this victory we will give in Captain Ramsey's own words:

"I remained at Trinity until the morning of the 4th, when we proceeded down Black river, and picking up all the cotton we could find near the banks, anchored twelve miles from the mouth."

Desperate Naval Engagement No. 3 must have been fought somewhere, but neither the date nor the locality is definitely fixed, which was a great oversight in the

Admiral. The victory was not fruitful of results, for the commander reports that he has shipped some very ragged contrabands, but regrets that he could find no cotton. That report must have sent the Admiral to bed feeling wretched.

Desperate Naval Engagement No. 4 must have been fought somewhere "off Alexandria;" but again we are at a loss for date and locality. That it was a very desperate fight we can believe, for the Admiral himself had a hand in it, and covered himself all over with glory. He tells us in one of his illuminated despatches to Grandfather Welles:

"The efforts of these people [rebels] to keep up this war remind one very much of the antics of Chinamen, who build canvas forts, paint hideous dragons on their shields, turn somersaults, and yell in the face of their enemies, and then run away at the first sign of an engagement."

Material result of the victory:

"Seven prisoners of war and two hundred bales of cotton were captured."

No mention is made of the number killed. We have since ascertained that this great naval battle must have been fought about March 12, 1864.

Desperate Naval Engagement No. 5 is something that will take the reader off his feet, and make his hair stand. It was fought early in April—about the 14th. We are more particular about the results than we are of the day the battle was fought on. Says the Admiral, in the most solemn manner:

"Our opinions were verified on inspection of the bodies of the slain, the men actually smelling of Louisiana rum."

Louisiana rum, mind you. We are very glad to know that the Admiral's sense of smell is keen enough to distinguish between a dead soldier full of Louisiana rum and a dead soldier full of Boston rum. It was very thoughtless of those rebels not to have taken in a supply of Boston rum or Chicago whiskey before being shot.

"A dying rebel informed our men that General Green had his head *blown* off, which I do not vouch for as true."

This is the headless general (rebel) referred to in a previous letter as being of no further use to the Confederate cause.

Desperate Naval Engagement No. 6 was fought about the middle of April, with the following result in material victory:

"Sent an expedition up the Wishita, as far as Monroe, which captured 3,000 bales of Confederate cotton, brought away 800 negroes, and destroyed much rebel property."

Vide Admiral's report. That he put his trust in kind Providence and plenty of cotton, especially the latter, is shown by the next paragraph:

"I have still confidence in a good Providence."

So had Drake when he was carrying away the sacred images.

Desperate Naval Engagement No. 7 must have been fought early in May, for on the 8th of that month we have a report of it from Lieutenant Commander George

P. Lord. The combat was doubtless very desperate, but there was no victory, the rebels getting decidedly the best of it.

"My ammunition gave out, [says Commander Lord.] * * * I spiked the guns, had coals of fire strewn over the decks, and myself and executive officers (?) set fire to the cotton, which was on the guards alongside of the engines. I saw it burning finely before I left, and feel sure she [the Warner] was destroyed."

So much for making cotton drogers of our ships of war and cotton pickers of our Navy officers.

Desperate Naval Engagement No. 8 must have been fought about the middle of May, 1864, and, we regret to say it, the result of this combat was that our Admiral got soundly thrashed, and again lost his cotton. On the 16th of May he tells Grandfather Welles, in an intensely solemn dispatch:

"I regret to inform you, among the misfortunes of this expedition, of the loss of two light-draught gunboats, the Signal and Covington. I sent them down from Alexandria to convoy a quartermaster's boat loaded with cotton and some four hundred troops aboard."

Yes, and the troops were sacrificed to the cotton. That was a very disgraceful affair, but we have no space for the details here.

Desperate Naval Engagement No. 9 was fought some time in April. The intelligent reader will be able to appreciate the nature and extent of this engagement on reading a few extracts from a report of an investigation made by Commander R. Townsend, dated April 24th, 1864. He writes concerning the loss of the Petrel:

I am sorry the dark [illegible] presented [illegible] human. [illegible] investigation I have been able to make [illegible]ds to the fact that a desire to procure cotton rather than the noble ambition of advancing the public service prompted the [illegible]-fated expedition.'

In regard to a telegram, received four days after it was sent, Commander Townsend says:

"Did the cotton speculators delay it? Probably we shall never know; but they are such unprincipled scoundrels that we may believe anything shrewdly wicked regarding them."

We have given enough of these desperate naval engagements to convince even a skeptical reader that our gallant Admiral covered himself all over with glory and cotton—on the Red River.

LETTER No. 9.

We [illegible] merchantman [illegible] coast of Fort Fisher. He was getting up [illegible] that famous coast, and came booming [illegible] always booming down upon us, like a man [illegible] of canvas. He had his sky-scrapers and his [illegible] and his sky-sails set, his studding-sails out, [illegible] was taut, and not a sail was [illegible] took in all his light sails, run in his studding [illegible] sails, clewed up his courses, hauled his wind [illegible] up and, well, what do you think he did, my [illegible] reader? Why, he fired a broadside into [illegible] old, worm-eaten frigate, named Ben Barker. That was what our bragging old admiral did; and he even quarrelled himself first, and Grandfather Wellesley said, that if he did not fire worm-eaten old craft to the bottom of the sea, he would remain until Gabriel blew his great horn. But that miserably old frigate had been sent to the bottom of the ocean such a number of times, and had bravely risen to the surface with all sails set, and becoming, that when the Admiral went we would write, and watch the sale of antiques.

The Admiral, satisfied that we should not have any more of the frigate Ben Barker, rose in all his sail, heavy and light, came to an anchoring, and it was decided to come aboard and talk—well, what do you think? Politics.

He did talk a good deal, and yet he did not say a politics once. We will make oath of this. He did, however, convince us that he was a great military, as well

as a great nautical genius, and he did it in this way—but just here we must pause to say that the nation ought to feel itself deeply indebted to us for disclosing this great fact of the Admiral's military genius; and here let us say also that we are going to make this so clear that no average Congressman will dare dispute it.

The Admiral told us, on the quarter-deck, and in strict confidence, that he had for more than a year been devoting his gigantic intellect to the study of the art of fortification, and how forts could be "boarded and captured by sailors, armed with the ancient and economical cutlass." He had made a scientific calculation, and had got the whole thing, the fort and the sailor, down to a fine point. We must, however, not whisper it to another soul, since those miserable newspaper men were in the habit of printing every word he said, and he might be charged with being a plagiarist, and that his plan of boarding and capturing forts with sailors was not entirely original.

On the following morning the Admiral made a development of his newly-discovered method of boarding and capturing a fort with sailors, armed with the ancient cutlass, well sharpened. Here is the order under which the thing was accomplished:

"*General Order No.* 81.

"NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON,

"FLAGSHIP MALVERN, *January 4th*, 1865.

"Before going into action [very sensible advice] the commander of each vessel will detail as many of his men as he can spare from the guns as a landing party.

"That we may have a share in the assault, when it takes

place, the boats will be kept ready lowered near the water on the off [this is not nautical; it sounds like off ox] side of the vessel. The sailors will be armed with cutlasses, well sharpened, [of course,] and with revolvers. When the signal is made to man the boats, the men must get in, and stow themselves away. [That is, Jack must 'lay low and keep his cutlass dry.] When the signal is made to assault, the boats will pull around the *stern* of the monitors, and land right abreast of them, [What then, Jack is ashore?] and board the fort on the run, [board the fort on the run is good,] in a seamanlike way. [Jack wouldn't do it any other way.] The marines will form in the rear, and cover the sailors. [That was what marines were made for.] While the soldiers are going over the parapets in front, the sailors will take the sea-face of Fort Fisher."

That means that they must take it in flank, board it, and hold it, and all "with a will and a heave together," (the Admiral knows what this means,) and armed with the ancient cutlass, which is dear to every sailor's heart. The Admiral finishes up by saying:

"We can land two thousand men from the fleet, and not feel it. Two thousand active men from the fleet will carry the day." * * * *

"[Signed] DAVID D. PORTER,
"*Rear Admiral, Com'g North Atlantic Squadron.*"

In another remarkable order, marked "Flagship Malvern, January 15th, 1865," the Admiral promulgates:

"No move is to be made forward until the Army charges. [Jack is ashore now,] when the Navy is to assault the sea or southern face [a flank movement] of the work, going over the parapet with cutlass drawn and revolver in hand."

Who will say after this that the Admiral does not

possess military genius of a very high order. The picture of a sailor going over that parapet, cutlass and revolver in hand, would be a sight so novel and original as to be well worth the study of some of our painters.

"The marines will follow after, and when they gain the edge of the parapet they will lie flat on their backs and pick off the enemy in the work."

Our acquaintance with the marines leads us to believe they would not do anything of the kind.

"The sailors [same order] will charge at once on the field pieces in the fort and kill the gunners."

That is positively shocking.

* * * "If, when our men get into the fort, the enemy commence firing on Fort Fisher from the mound, every three (3) men [three against one is not fair] will seize a prisoner and pitch him over the walls [that is exactly the way a truly loyal sailor should treat an unthinking rebel gunner,] and then get behind the fort for protection—or into the bomb-proofs."

Now, it occurs to us that before sending sailors, armed with the ancient cutlass, however well sharpened, to board a fort, the distance and character of the ground between the sailor and the fort should be the first things considered. If we are informed right, in this instance the distance between the fort and the shore (point assailed at by the Navy) was a little more than a mile, the ground being a soft sand. That being the case the sailors would not only have found it very laborious work to make headway over the sand, but would have been in no condition to "board a fort" and kill the gunners, or, no, pitch "them over the walls" when they reached

it. Did the Admiral include this in the science of his calculations?

We remember, at the outbreak of the Crimean war, to have dined with bluff old Admiral Sir Charles Napier one evening in company with our Captain Glynn. We never heard a man talk more sensibly than Sir Charles did about the navy, and the political aspect of Europe. But we waked up next morning to find that Sir Charles had set all London laughing, and, not to be offensive, had made a fool of himself by publishing what was called his "Cutlass Order." Sir Charles was not a blood-thirsty man, and yet he said to his sailors: "Sharpen your cutlasses, lads!" Sir Charles sailed for the North Sea, viewed and reviewed the granite walls of the forts at Constradt from a distance, and brought his "brave lads" home again, without even once giving them a chance to use their sharpened cutlasses. That "Cutlass Order" was the death of poor old Sir Charles, and yet, in its measure of absurdity, it was not to be compared with our Admiral's orders.

Admiral Porter himself tells us, in tones of sadness, what was the result of his experiment in sending sailors, armed with the ancient cutlass, to board a well-manned fort:

"We have lost some 200 killed and wounded, and among them some gallant officers." * * * "It is a matter of regret to me to see so many of my gallant officers and men so cut up [of course it was;] but I was unwilling to let the troops undertake the capture of the forts without the Navy sharing with them the peril all were anxious to undergo."

In another place he tells us, complainingly:

"About thirty of the sailors and officers succeeded in get-

ting to the very top of the parapet, amidst a murderous fire of grape, canister, and musketry. They had planted the flag there, but were swept away in a moment. [Of course they were.] Others tried to get up the steep '*pan coupee*.' The marines could have cleared the parapet by keeping up a steady fire, but they failed to do so, and the sailors were repulsed."

Who ever heard of the marines failing in anything? It is well enough, however, to make them responsible for this slaughter. We will not stand quietly by and hear the marines abused, for, in this case, the honest truth was the Admiral's new method of capturing a fort was not a success.

There is only one of three conditions under which we can possibly imagine a fort boarded and taken according to Admiral Porter's method. If your fort were constructed according to the rules laid down by Professor Mahan, the thing would be impossible. If built according to Todleben we don't see that the advantages would be in favor of either the sailor or the cutlass. A canvas fort, constructed strictly on the Chinese plan, armed with guns manufactured by Chinese, and defended by Chinese artillerymen, could and have been captured by both American and English sailors armed with the ancient cutlass. This, however, with the aid of the ships in the offing.

We, too, have a novel, if not entirely original, plan of boarding and capturing a fort with sailors and marines, which we desire to submit to the Admiral, feeling certain that in his more serious moods he will admit it has advantages superior to his own. Here it is, unpatented:

1st. See that your sailors and marines are well ballasted with duff.

2d. Prime with a ration or two of grog, as a means of getting them in first-class fighting trim.

3d. Get your sailors and marines ashore, and in line on the beach without your enemy knowing it. Then see that every man has his cutlass sharpened. The quartermasters will keep a sharp lookout in the direction of the fort, and the boatswains will keep up the necessary piping.

4th. Having formed your line, with the marines on the right and left, and taken the exact bearings of the fort, mount your sailors, and be careful that the animals are not disposed to get stearnway on when headway is imperatively necessary. The marines, too, would improve on mounting, if the horses were of a docile nature.

5th. General Sherman knows exactly how sailors and marines about to "board a fort" should be mounted, and any differences of opinion on that point may safely be left to him to settle. Every sailor will carry a grindstone in his pocket to sharpen his cutlass in case of emergency, and every marine will provide himself with tobacco enough to give his horse a ration on reaching the inside of the fort, should the animal require stimulant.

6th. As sailors are not proverbial for their firm seat in the saddle, and have a habit of lurching now a-port, now a-starboard —that defect must be obviated by inserting a small ring-bolt in the saddle and a small hook in the transom part of the sailor's pantaloons, in that way forming a safety attachment between the sailor and the saddle. You can do so many things with a hook, as our late Governor can bear testimony.

7th. The marines should carry their muskets across their shoulders, a-cock-bill. Revolvers and spurs, according to our plan, are entirely dispensed with.

8th. In mounting care should be taken that both sailors and marines, especially sailors, face in the direction of the animal's head.

9th. The line being formed, and everything ready, the following must be the order of command: First, Sailors and marines, attention! Second. Eyes a-starboard! Third. Mount and hook on! Fourth. Elevate cutlasses and steady your horses! Fifth. Get your starboard tacks aboard! Sixth. Go for the fort!

10th. Having got nicely under way, they must bear down on the fort at a full gallop, care being taken to keep the marines well in line and see that the sailors do not back and fill. The more cheering the better.

11th. On rounding the redoubt the sailors may come suddenly to anchor and unhook, but they must flourish their cutlasses and keep up a d——l of a cheering, that being necessary to thoroughly frighten your enemy.

12th. The marines, having detached themselves from the sailors, must luff up into line, form by fours, and on reaching the parapet jump their animals clean over it, and into the fort. Nothing known to the art of fortification could resist such a charge as that.

The thoughtful reader will see, if he studies our plan attentively, how a fort can be taken and not a drop of blood shed. We feel assured, also, that he will give us credit for the many advantages our plan has over Admiral Porter's. His was invented with murderous intent, ours solely in the interests of the economy of human life.

LETTER No. 10.

Did you ever, gentle reader, know of a case where facts put fiction to the blush? We have one in view just at this time. It is the very natural offspring of our Admiral's last—and if not greatest, as some of his officers claim, at least his most extraordinary—naval engagement. We ask the reader to be serious and give us his attention while we recount the history of this marvelous battle, which differs from one of Mayne Reed's whale stories in this, that while Reed's stories are all story and not much whale, this is all whale and not much story.

This battle, so peculiar in all its features, and of which no two men can be found to give a straight account, was fought in the narrow confines of the James river, near Richmond, which is in the dominion of Virginia. The combat was between the Admiral's fleet and the rebel ships Texas and Beaufort. Witnesses differ in regard to the date of the battle, one saying it was on Sunday, 2d, and another that it was on Monday, the 3d of April, 1865. This may give our Admiral's future historian some trouble; but either date will answer our purpose. On the little matter of killed, wounded and prisoners, the Admiral is everywhere silent. Can it be that his prisoners were like Pope's, (General,) mostly on paper? And yet, if we may accept sworn testimony as reliable, the firing was of nearly two hours' duration—very heavy, a great many persons must have been badly hurt, and a small ship-load of ammunition expended.

The prize money part of this marvelous naval engage-

ment is now pending in a court of this District, before Judge Humphries, and awaiting adjudication. In truth, it has hung fire there for several years, if we are rightly informed, and is now shedding a bad odor over all concerned in it. The great differences of opinion in regard to the value of these captures are what will impress the reader most.

Here is what the Admiral says his prizes were worth to the captors, himself claiming the largest share:

Texas and Beaufort, $360,000; machinery, $300,000; lumber in them, $150,000 . .	$810,000
Commander Goringe puts his figures somewhat lower. — The Texas, $500,000; lumber, $125,000. The Beaufort, $100,000 . . .	725,000
Commander Blake testifies that the whole concern is worth	360,000
Prior to December 1st, 1865, B. P. Loyal, an officer of the Confederate Navy, who had superintended the building of the Texas, was a disinterested witness, and disposed to put as high an estimate on the vessels as he conscientiously could, estimates them at .	220,000

Whose judgment is at fault, or what does this really mean? It might at first glance look as if some one was attempting an audacious swindle on the Government. And we may add here that some of these prize cases have had a very suspicious look. The District Attorney, Mr. Wells, in his brief, makes some remarks we desire to call the reader's attention to:

"Another circumstance, which cannot escape observation," he says, "is the fact that no one of the witnesses, in the testi-

mony already referred to undertakes to fix with certainty the time when the order was issued by Admiral Porter, at City Point, for the movement of the Federal fleet, nor the time when the removal of the obstructions began, or the time when the firing commenced, or when the Confederate ships were blown up." * * *

Was the Admiral booming again? Or did the ships lose their log books as well as the officers their memories? Again Mr. Wells very pertinently says:

"The great significance of these material omissions will be manifest when hereafter we come to examine testimony which establishes with great certainty and definiteness each of these material matters heretofore left indefinite and uncertain; and the peculiar misfortune of these omissions was that if these facts had been made known it would have appeared that the enemy's ships were actually blown up while the Federal fleet was laying at its anchorage; and long before there was any firing, (!!!) that as a matter of fact Richmond was evacuated before any Federal ships had passed the obstructions; and that they were destroyed—not in consequence of the movement of our fleet, but as the inevitable result of the evacuation of Richmond."

This is all very well, Mr. Wells; but did'nt the Admiral hear the firing, know it was his fleet that was firing, although he could not see it? Did'nt he know, too, exactly how much ammunition his ships were expending? Having fought his naval engagement, and captured nearly a million dollars worth of prize, it is only natural that he should stick to it. Again, the District Attorney Wells says:

"The destruction of the Confederate fleet was determined on about midday of Sunday, April 21, and was accomplished about midnight." [Such is the testimony.] "That Richmond

was evacuated about sunrise on April 3d. In short that our Army had captured Richmond, and all that appertained to it, including the Beaufort and Texas two days before any capture by the fleet could have taken place, and that the only obstructions removed from the James river by Admiral Porter were those placed there by himself." * * *

Are we to infer from this that the Admiral has again been booming—that is, that he had set more sail than he could carry—and that Mr. Wells, in this very unkind way, tells him he had better take some of it in? Admiral Porter, we can tell Mr. Wells, is not the man to furl his sails under such circumstances.

But, to tell the truth, that great naval engagement was all on paper. There was nobody hurt, no ammunition wasted, and only a pound of priming powder used in all. The firing heard was the army firing a salute over the downfall of Richmond. That the Admiral sincerely believed there was a desperate naval engagement between his fleet and the Beaufort and Texas, we can easily believe. His head was full of naval engagements just about that time; and as an admirer of the Admiral and the way he sticks to a thing, we are not disposed to be too exacting.

On the 2d of December, 1875, the captors took further testimony, and Mr. Wells very soon found that the Admiral, instead of taking sail in, was disposed to crowd more on—for he tells us:

"Admiral Porter was re-examined, and testified * * * that the two ships mentioned were captured by the forces under his command, on the 2d of April, 1865; when they were taken possession of by men belonging to his squadron."

"He says further that the two vessels were afloat, [make a

note of this,] and the Texas had, as he believed, property on board worth $300,000, in addition to the value of the vessel itself. She had, he says, on board, a large amount of iron plating, and munitions of war, and anchors and chains.

"He states, further, that the army was not within five or six miles of the river on either side, and could not, and did not take any part in capturing the vessel; that it was strictly a naval enterprise." * *

"The Admiral also said that the Texas, completed, would have been worth $1,500,000; and that the lumber, which he had before estimated at $150,000, was worth $142,000, and in this particular the Admiral desired to correct his former deposition."

The Admiral wants to be generous, you see. But here is where he is himself again:

"The witness (Admiral Porter) on this occasion explained that by his report to the Secretary of the Navy, of April 5th, 1865, he did not mean to say that the army had anything to do with the attack on the enemy's fleet, or rendered him any assistance therein. 'It was purely a *naval* engagement altogether. That we were not operating in conjunction with the army at all.'"

The last sentence has the pure Porter ring in it. On occasions of this kind we can and do accept the Admiral's word that his fleet was not cordially co-operating with the army. Now, we are not disposed to drop a single one of those desperate naval engagements out of the Admiral's long calender; but in the face of such an overwhelming amount of testimony that there was not and could not have been a naval engagement (the Admiral calls it enterprise) at the time and place named, we don't see that we can be true to history without asking the Admiral to dim that star. We repeat, we be-

lieve he was sincere in claiming it; and to oblige him, we will admit that this great "naval enterprise," to which he holds with such tenacity of purpose, was

THE GOBLIN OF A DISTURBED DREAM,

which, haunting him through the night, he waked up in the morning to believe was a reality. This is the most cheerful way we can get over the difficulty, and it would be useless for us to say more on the matter, as it will be brought to the notice of Congress as soon as that delectable body meets and be thoroughly investigated.*

And now we have to deal with the material value of this great naval engagement (pardon us, enterprise) on the James. One of the things which will very forcibly impress the reader here is the rapid manner in which the shadow of the prize money, in dollars and cents, dwindles down into almost nothing, like the great battle itself.

Captain Goringe, in his improved testimony, says:

"The Beaufort was in apparently good order and fighting trim. The Texas was moored to the bank, and near to a shed."

We beg the reader to make a careful note of this. A more harmless man-of-war than the Texas, tied quietly to that old wood-shed, never was seen, and, to tell the honest truth, she never had a gun mounted nor a boiler in.

* We are confidentially informed, on very good authority, that our very amiable and much peace-loving friend, Benjamin F. Butler, will have this and other remarkable prize cases brought before Congress as soon as it assembles; and in that way Benjamin hopes to pay off an old score.

"She had her guns mounted and was apparently in fighting trim. * * * A boat's crew from one of the monitors that had been engaged in removing obstructions took possession."

Here we have the capture positively asserted. It will be observed here that Goringe has a good deal of canvas spread. Just here District Attorney Wells tells us how this bold commander swore, in the improved edition of his testimony:

"The Monticello was in advance, and kept in advance" [advance is good] "until we grounded on the bar at Rockets, two miles below Richmond." [Here again we ask the intelligent reader to make a note.] "The army was operating in the vicinity of Petersburg." [Which we can assert of our own knowledge is false.] "There were no Federal soldiers or officers on or near these captured vessels—the Texas and Beaufort."

This astonishes us. The Admiral should take his protege in charge, for in the line of romance he is getting ahead of him. The gushing Goringe winds up in this laconic style:

"There was on the Texas [Texas, remember] a large amount of lumber, and some on board the Beaufort."

The grammar of this may not pass muster, but the lumber is all right, unless Commander Goringe was not dreaming, but the philosophy comes in when Commander Goringe, in defense of the honor of the Navy generally, and Admiral Porter particularly, having stated the value of the capture in logarithms, now sticks to them.

Just here is where we want the intelligent reader to hold on by our coat tails, and give close attention to what follows. The Admiral's account of this marvelous

naval engagement on the James, and the great value of our prize, so astonished and confused our Grandfather Welles that he did not know where truth was to begin and falsehood end. After winking and blinking, stroking his gray beard, and pondering over the matter for an hour or two, he cut the Gordian knot by pigeon-holing it, and leaving it as a legacy to his successor.

To be brief, his successor did order a Board of Appraisement to examine and report on the case. This Board was composed of Naval Constructor Hanscom, Lieutenant Commander Owen, and Chief Engineer Long, all officers whose integrity no impartial man doubted. These gentlemen reported, after giving a full description of everything found, "that the machinery intended for the Texas was worth, at the very utmost, $36,000; and the hull, $52,220. That the Beaufort was not worth over $2,000;" and that no one knew of any lumber "anywhere about." They also testified "that the hull of the Beaufort, which had long since been abandoned by the rebels," needed extensive repairs, and when these repairs were made, would probably bring $2,000.

Here is a most extraordinary discrepancy, which we will let Admiral Porter clear up and explain. His logarithms, asserted as fixed facts, are:

Original statement	$810,000
Improved and corrected	1,500,000
Hanscom, Owen, and Long's valuation; in all .	91,220
Discrepancy between the Admiral and the Board of uninterested experts	719,000

According to the Admiral's method of appraisement, this is a very small discrepancy, figuratively.

Here is where Admiral Porter finds himself confronted by Admiral Porter:

"Another important paper put in evidence," says Mr. Wells, "at the time was a report made by Admiral Porter, to the Navy Department, dated April 5th, 1865, in which he says: 'As the movements have been of a military character, and have been regularly reported to the War Department, I have not deemed it necessary to report.'"

That was taking a sound common sense view of the matter. Innocent people may ask why the Admiral did not stick to it? It was in testimony that all the lumber captured about Richmond, if valued at $35 per thousand feet, would not amount to more than $7,000; that the Beaufort was an old, rejuvenated canal boat, that had been strengthened to carry one Brook gun, was abandoned by the rebels, and not worth more than $2,000. In short, she was—

"Hauled out, upon the marine railway, at the Rockets, near Richmond, and was in charge of a Federal lieutenant and some soldiers, when two officers of a Federal ship, believed to be the Maumee, came ashore and made inquiries of the two Foxes, who were in charge of the marine railway, as to the owner-ship and condition of the Beaufort. They then took formal charge of her, directed repairs to be completed, and agreed, when completed, to pay for the same, which was done. The amount paid was some small sum, less than one hundred dollars, and she was subsequently sent to Norfolk in the same condition as when she was launched."

That was the way Admiral Porter's fleet captured the great rebel war ship Beaufort.

As for the Texas

"She was intended for an iron-clad, and was built in Richmond. Her constructor was a Mr. Meades. She was com-

menced in the early part of 1864, and launched in November, of the same year. She was 180 feet long, 48 feet beam over all, and twelve feet deep."

She was roughly built, and intended to carry four eight-inch Brook guns, but never did. Her constructor says she cost, "with the then exorbitant prices of material and labor, about $75,000. She could be built now for about half that amount." The only lumber she had on board "was put there for the purpose of setting fire to and destroying her, and was not worth more than $700."

Further, the testimony goes to show that, "She was a mere hull, had no engines, machinery, equipments, guns, armament, anchors, plating, or any other equipment on board of her." In fact, she was nothing more than a barge, of strong construction.

Finally, the Texas was taken to Norfolk, put into dry dock, repaired and coppered at a cost of about $3,000, and was subsequently sold for $3,200, and if we are informed right, was used as an ice-boat.

And yet, in the face of these facts, which are indisputable, the Auditor, (his name is not given in the testimony,) on the 8th of December, 1875, reported the value of the capture for adjudication, as follows:

The Texas . . .	$566,666 66
Iron plating, &c., &c. .	115,455 00
Lumber . . .	150,000 00
The Beaufort . .	60,000 00
Total . . .	$892,121 66

Further comment is unnecessary, except that it would be interesting to know who the persons manipulating these prize claims are.

LETTER No. 11.

All nations that have passed through great wars are afflicted more or less with costly encumbrances, naval and military, from which neither the fool-killer nor the retired list afford any relief. Indeed, whenever the former offers us hope, the latter steps in to perplex the mind and aggravate the evil. The reader must not construe this in a personal sense. The prodigalities of war are a scourge sent to punish nations for their crimes. The very worst feature of this scourge is felt in the vast number of heartless and unscrupulous men war brings to the surface of public life, their haste to profit by the misfortunes of others, and to make patriotism and christianity scape-goats for avarice.

We admit that these reflections are not in accord with the general tenor of our work; but they were impressed on our mind some years ago, while reading the report of our unpleasantness with little Paraguay, and have remained there ever since. We have returned and returned to that report, and every time only to feel more sad and humiliated at the part our Navy performed in it. In short, we close the foul book wondering if we shall ever have another Jack Tatnal or Jim Glynn; and yet Admiral Porter, in his testimony before the investigating committee, page 296, complacently tells us:

"We look upon it that a Minister is sent abroad to preserve peace, not make war, [that means we, the Navy,] and naval officers, having so much intercourse with the world, consider that they are perhaps [well put in] as well informed about

diplomatic matters as persons who have just entered upon their diplomatic duties for the first time. Now, in England it is different. There persons are educated for the diplomatic profession, and a British naval officer, in many cases, is put under the orders of the Minister."

There is a good deal of this "tacks and sheets" sort of testimony given by Admiral Porter before the Committee, which must have been highly instructive to the legal gentlemen composing it. The upshot of the Admiral's testimony, or rather his opinions—for he gave them in great profusion—was that we should be careful to select our ministers and consuls from the Navy, and keep the politicians, scholars, and statesmen at home. Perhaps if we had put Grant at one end of the Administration and Admiral Porter at the other, and have left them to run the thing on joint account between the Army and Navy, the brains would not have been knocked out of the Republican party so soon. The plan is suggestive, however, and may be tried during the next century.

Now, there is nothing the British Government is more careful of than in instructing her naval officers, especially in cases where prompt action is necessary, to co-operate with and act in obedience to the advice or instructions of the Minister. A wider margin is given to the naval officer in his relations to consuls. This very Paraguayan misunderstanding affords two brilliant if not flattering examples of the kind of diplomats and consular agents, admirals and commodores of the great American navy would make. The first of these was that sturdy old salt and very fine gentleman, Admiral

Godon, for whose excellent qualification as a diplomat Admiral Porter vouches in the following manner:

"His standing is very high as an officer- as an able man. He is a great talker (!) He is really one of the cleverest men in the Navy—I mean professionally, and in point of intelligence. He is also well read in the law."

The Admiral should have told us in what kind of law this very accomplished old salt was versed. We have read or heard of men being first-class sailors among lawyers, and first-classs lawyers among sailors. It is not quite clear as to the Admiral's status as a lawyer. That he was a "great talker," indeed, could out-talk any man on his fleet, or on the east coast of South America, the testimony abundantly proves. And yet we have a suspicion that we must accept him as "a great talker" in the same sense in which we can accept Admiral Porter as a great writer.

Admiral Godon, according to the testimony, was as full of fight as a centipede, and like Sir Lucius O'Trigger, was never so happy as when he was brewing quarrels by the dozen. His first quarrel was with the subordinate line officers of his own squadron, which was as pretty a quarrel as we remember to have read of for a long time. The knowledge of epithets used, one against the other, must have been acquired from long experience in the diplomatic corps. There was a Captain Crosby and a fleet surgeon, a gentleman well read in the natural sciences, who were always measuring lances, or rather cutlasses, with the Admiral. And it was no uncommon thing for one to refer to the other as the son of a female dog, or a d—d scoundrel; while the other retorted

by saying the Admiral was an idiot, whose proper place was a mad-house. We put it in this mild way to oblige all parties. The doctor's quarrel with the Admiral had a number of amusing features in it. One of these was the result of the Admiral throwing the doctor's pills into the sea, following them with sundry contemptuous remarks, and absolutely refusing to take his physic. The doctor, innocent man, only wanted to physic the Admiral into a better condition of mind. And while this quarrel between this fine old Admiral and his subordinate line officers was progressing as well as could be desired, one of a much more alarming character broke out between the line and staff. We may also add that the Admiral, to use his own words, was always seeing "breakers ahead," and was always making breakers.

As if to illustrate the extent of his accomplishments and sustain the good character as a diplomatist well read in the law, given him by Admiral Porter, he engaged in a quarrel with our Minister, James Watson Webb, who he used to call, in the presence of his officers, a venerable old wind bag and played-out politician. Here is a specimen of his diplomatic style in speaking of Minister Webb:

"General Webb wrote in my cabin a letter to Mr. Washburn. It was a very long letter." [General Webb never wrote a short one.] "It was a very offensive letter. I mention it especially because Mr. Washburn has stated that I did not answer his letter, but allowed General Webb to answer it for me. God help the mark, at my time of life, with my education and my experience, and, I will say, with my vanity, [there is where all the trouble comes in] that I should have got General Webb to answer a letter which I had received!" (p. 74.)

Our readers cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the delicate and peculiarly diplomatic character of the language used in the last sentence of the above paragraph. This of itself would be sufficient to establish the Admiral's claims to a first-class mission abroad.

Finally this testy old salt rolled himself up in the American flag, proclaimed himself the United States, and proceeded to make war on all the American ministers and consuls on his station. He would have enjoyed hanging Washburn at the yard-arm. He did not care a d——n for Bliss and Marsterman, one an American and the other a British subject under American protection, who were held as prisoners and tortured by the tyrant Lopez. In short, he believed they were scoundrels, in Paraguay for no good purpose; and as they did not get there through any agency of his they might stay there. As for Minister Washburn he believed he was a great rascal, a played-out politician, and, like all other ministers, only represented a corrupt political party, while he, the Admiral, represented the whole United States. Calling our ministers those very bad names, at his dinner table and in the presence of his officers, was a way the Admiral had of illustrating his fitness for diplomatic duties.

He as good as told Minister Washburn he could go to a place rather warmer than was desirable at that season of the year, and he would go to St. Catharines, enjoy himself, and stay until coals got cheap. It grieves us to say that on another occasion, as set forth in the testimony, this testy old salt, with all the accomplishments necessary to a diplomat of the higher orders, [*Vide*

Porter,) said Minister Washburn was a son of a female dog—we put it in that way to oblige the Admiral—and this, too, at his own table, and in the presence of his officers. In truth, the Admiral and some of his officers seem to have regarded with entire indifference the fact that a gross insult had been offered to their country, or that countrymen of theirs were suffering imprisonment and torture at the hands of a petty tyrant. Their sympathies, if they had any, were with the cruel Lopez, as the sympathies of Mr. Washburn's successor seem to to have been with his strumpet, Mrs. Lynch.

This Admiral, so well read in the law, finally set up for a judge, and claimed the right to decide what kind of a minister he would confer with and respect.

"Now, (p. 85,) if Mr. Adams, or any man like him, should, as a minister, make a request of me, I should probably [probably ?] act upon it, but unfortunately all our ministers are not like Mr. Adams."

Mr. Adams ought to feel grateful for this high compliment.

Satisfied that the Admiral had served his country abroad quite long enough, he was told he could come home and enjoy the remainder of his days in retirement, or in reading all the great authorities on diplomacy.

His successor, a gentleman of more judgment and practical sense, sadly failed in the performance of his duty, and also failed to distinguish between his own opinions and the law of nations. That cruelest of modern tyrants, Lopez, seems to have charmed him at first sight, as he subsequently charmed Minister McMahon.

After writing a very proper and very manly letter, demanding the prisoners, Bliss and Marsterman, he withdrew it after "a talk" with Lopez, and wrote another, which had the earmarks of a gentle request, and was not calculated to wound the delicate sensibilities of His Majesty, as if such a monster as Lopez had any sensibilities.

Lopez gave the prisoners up, declaring them to be scoundrels and dangerous men. And because he did so the Admiral and his line officers took it for granted that they must treat them as such. Not only were these men received on board the ship as prisoners, and held as prisoners, but they were treated as criminals, and made to submit to indignities we shall not name here. And all this, it grieves us to say, at the hands of officers of the American Navy, who should be prompt to sympathize with their countrymen in distress. Even the tattered garments of the prisoners were alluded to in terms of derision—and all to please the wretched tyrant Lopez. Indeed, the only kindness they received while on board was from Surgeon Duvall and one or two other staff officers. The doctor tells us in his testimony that—

"Captain Woolsey came out of his cabin and told the executive officer to send these men, Bliss and Marsterman, off the quarter deck into the port gangway, a greater indignity than which can not be offered to any man on board a man-of-war," p. 167.)

Commander Ramsey would evidently make a first-class diplomatist as well as a nautical missionary, for he tells us, on page 179:

"I remember most distinctly that I suggested to Admiral Davis that the request of President Lopez could only be carried out by keeping them under sentinel's charge. President Lopez expressly asked that they should not be allowed to communicate with his enemies."

How tenderly the Commander touches the tyrant.

LETTER No. 12.

We must wind up these yarns with an account of a rare old British Mariner, "Captain John Starbutton, of the Leather Bottle," Gravesend, England.

Meeting the genial Washington Irving, in this city, in the winter of 1852–3, we told him we were about to make a visit to, and perhaps spend a year or two in England. He invited us to come and see him at his rooms, where he was arranging some newly acquired material for his life of Washington. With that kindness of heart, for which he was famous, he gave us two letters, one to the popular publisher, John Murray, and the other to a country gentleman, whose attentions we never shall forget. He also gave us a list of many places famous in history and literature, he said it would interest us to visit. Then taking the list back, he added to it, drop down to Gravesend, and visit the famous old "Leather Bottle Tavern." It was a model English inn, he said, somewhat nautical in its surroundings, and a resort for quaint old navy officers, who would afford us a subject of study.

We had been nearly six months in England, and had almost forgotten the Leather Bottle, when a literary friend dropped in on us one evening, and the circumstance was alluded to. He very soon proved to us that he was familiar with that old hostlery, its associations, and many of its visitors, and proposed to accompany us whenever it would be agreeable to make the visit. Well, we took the Gravesend steamer one bright

morning, (bright for a London morning,) and reached the Leather Bottle with the sun at noon. There was something so cosy about the old two-story inn. Ivy crept in thick clusters on the walls, and gathered in loving festoons over the gables and porch. Little beds of flowers dotted a neatly kept front yard, a graveled walk led up to the front door, and on an old sign above was inscribed "The Leather Bottle." Mine host, a burly man, in a blue coat and flashy vest, met us at the door, and after giving us a hearty sailor-like welcome, bowed us into what he called the front parlor. Numerous naval and military relics and curiosities hung here and there; and mine host, who had been a warrant officer in the navy, showed us a sword worn by one of Nelson's lieutenants, at the battle of Trafalgar.

Mine host left us, and sent Margery, a bright blue-eyed, and flaxen-haired waiting girl, to see if there was anything in the Leather Bottle she could serve us with. There was an air of good cheer and man-of-war neatness about the place. "Ah!" said the girl, looking out of the window, as she waited for our order, "here comes your friend, Captain Starbutton. Maybe you will wait for him, gentlemen!" This was addressed to my friend, Mr. Low, who answered in the affirmative. "He's such a good old man when he is—isn't in a bad temper. Its as how the winds blows with him."

There he came, a man of middle size, wrapped in a stout pea jacket, and tight-fitting blue trowsers, a loosely turned-down shirt collar, tied with a black silk handkerchief, the ends of which fluttered over his breast. He also wore a navy cap, with a narrow gold band, and his

eyes were shielded with goggles. He advanced up the path in a feeble, half-halting step, a cane in one hand, and the other thrust into the breast of his coat, and made three stops before he reached the porch, looking up each time, as if studying the weather.

Mine host advanced to meet him and I exchange salutes on the porch, as was his custom, and as he did so the old captain came to a halt, raised his cane, and cried out: "Ay, ho! Ay, ho! Pipe all hands to quarters and clear the decks for action when you see me coming." After exchanging some badinage with the bar-maid, he entered the parlor, and, glancing at Margery from head to foot, he exclaimed: "Royals set and pennants flying, eh, Margery?" and he tapped her playfully under the chin.

"Here is these gentlemen waitin. What will they think?" she said, reproachfully. Just then he recognized us, and, tossing his cap and cane on a settee, approached my friend with his hand extended and gave him such a warm greeting: "You are welcome to the Leather Bottle, gentlemen. Yes, you are twice welcome to the Leather Bottle—the only ship I have any command of now."

Our friend now introduced us as a gentleman from the United States of America. "From the United States of America? From the United States of America?" he inquired, enthusiastically. "Then here's old Jack Starbutton's hand, and its a hand with a heart in it. I m a poor old weather-worn, badly paid, and much abused sailor; have seen thirty-five years' sea service,

and get no thanks." And he shook our hand with great warmth of manner.

"You've got a glorious country and should be proud of it. Yes, sir; proud of it. Cheap Government, magnificent Navy, and no established church. D——n me, sir, I've been there, and know you have no established church, but a magnificent Navy, and officers who know how to fight in it." Here he attempted to relieve his eyes of the goggles, but his wig came off at the same time, disclosing a head as bright, round, and bald as a billiard ball. He replaced the wig with the quickness of a boy and went to the glass to see that every borrowed lock was in its place.

"Now, Margery," he resumed, "clear the decks. Sherry first, sherry, mind you; then a lunch, such as the Leather Bottle can serve." Margery disappeared and soon returned with the sherry, when the old man drew his chair up to the table and filling our glasses, resumed: "Now, gentlemen, we will drink to the United States of America; a country with so many blessings that not one half the people appreciate them; a country that is blessed with a cheap Government, a magnificent Navy, and no established church."

We were somewhat surprised to hear him speak in such glowing terms of our Navy and suggested that England, too, had a powerful navy.

"Mistake, sir; mistake, sir. England had a navy once, a great and glorious navy. That was when her wooden walls and her canvas was her power, and seamanship was worth something. To-day England's navy has gone to the dogs. Its sad to think of it, its sad to

think of it." And he shook his head sorrowfully, his voice thickened, and he wiped away the tear that was glistening in his eyes.

"Well, well," he resumed, "we may as well cheer up, take another drop of sherry, and forget the British navy's past greatness. The first great mistake England made was in introducing steam instead of sails. Fatal mistake, sir; fatal mistake. A man-a-war, sir, with a small hell in one end of her lower hold and a cauldron or boiler of scalding hot water in the other is not the thing. You put a worse enemy in your own ship than the enemy you are sent to fight against. Bad enough, sir, to be shot to death standing up and fighting the enemy like a man, broadside to broadside, and yard-arm to yard-arm. That's the way Nelson and Marlborough used to take their enemies. Think of Nelson or Collingwood on board a man-a-war on wheels, and in danger of being scalded to death at the first fire! Nelson would a sailed into hell if he'd got bows headed that way; but he did'nt want no hell aboard his own ship. No sense whatever in the thing, and I have been twelve years trying to get this into the heads of the Lords of the Admiralty. God help us, its like trying to get sense into a stone wall."

He paused for a minute, invited us to take another turn at the sherry. We had met bluff and farmer-like Sir Charles Napier, and we had listened for hours to the lean but courtly Dundonald, while he recounted his grievances, but we had never met anything like Captain Jack Starbutton, in the way of an old salt.

"Then you see," he resumed, "we are building iron

instead of wooden walls, and making them so thick and heavy that a ship's got all she can do to float under them. D — me, sir, this fighting behind iron walls is'nt the thing. How would Nelson have looked boxed up in an iron chest? Why, sir, he would have sent such iron and boiling water contrivances to the devil—that's what he would have done. And he would have told the Board of Admiralty to follow them, too. England's Navy has gone to the dogs, sir—gone to the dogs. Not worth mentioning, a thing of the past"—and again his voice thickened, and his eyes filled with tears—"makes me feel bad whenever I talk about it," he muttered.

Here my friend interposed by saying, in a complimentary way that the captain had devoted a great number of years too, and had perfected a plan for reforming and putting the British Navy on first-class fighting footing.

This relieved the old sailor's feelings, and he at once brightened up again. "Yes, sir;" he resumed, "I've, as our friend says, devoted the best years of my life to that plan, and it points out the only way to reform the British Navy."

We asked him why he did not get the Admiralty to adopt it. "Tried to do that for fourteen long years—didn't succeed. That Board of Admiralty, sir, is wooden-headed. On my word as a sailor, there's more dry-rot in that Board of Admiralty than there is in a dozen old hulks. The old codgers are all toothless, and not one of them's a year under seventy-four. 'Here's my man,' says I, when Sir James Graham was made First Lord of the Admiralty. 'Captain, I'll do what I can for

And now, to the end that the beginning and the ending of so illustrious an administration as General Grant's should be in perfect harmony we propose that the jolly Robeson retire to the shades of New Jersey, with a certificate of good character in his pocket, and that Mr. A. G. Cattell be appointed his successor, with an agreement that he and our Admiral run the Navy on joint account, and in a lively way.